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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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Selections.

DR. COX'S LETTER.

The Philadelphia Citizen very opportunely republishes the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Cox, who is now presiding as Moderator over the General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church, in session in that city. In that Assembly are several clergymen who claim possession of stolen coats with men in them:

AUBURN, N. Y. February 10, 1836.

To Dr. Jonathan A. Allen, Middlebury, Vt.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 25th ultimo, duly reached me; but my official duties have hindered this answer for several days; and at present, I feel that the time adequate to the preparation of a proper answer, is not at my control.

You especially invite my attention to the questions "*What have Christians in the non-slaveholding States to do with Slavery? Ought they to hold communion with slaveholders, or slave-dealers, even if the cases are modified as much as that of the Rev. Dr. Ely, for example?*

There is a manifest difference between principles abstractly and absolutely viewed, and their application to particular cases; these may be qualified and even palliated, just for the same reason that they may be aggravated also, by circumstances. That Slavery, the system identically of our own country, is intrinsically and pre-eminently wrong, is at variance with the everlasting righteousness of the moral empire of God, or, as the lawyers say, is *malum in se*, is a proposition of almost self-evident truth. I know that all masters are not equally cruel, covetous, or obdurate; and that all slaves are not equally abused: nay, that some are treated comparatively well and kindly, and are comparatively happy. But what of this, as it respects the conscience? It is all one system. Every owner of a slave, not even my honored friend above named excepted, upholds the system—lends it the awful sanction of his practice, his influence, and his name; and is, like a temperate drinker, (as it respects another grand moral interest of reform,) a mighty obstacle to the ascendancy of correct sentiment and correct action in the community.

I am more struck with the similarities of injury, than with the seeming exceptions of favor, in the privations and the degradations of the slaves. The experience of the worst treated, is the liability of the best treated of them all; and every good master, who dies intestate, leaves to the machinery of the law the disposal of his whole estate—his fellow-creatures included; and the hammer of the auctioneer is invoked to sell them, singly, or in pairs, or lots to suit purchasers; as are the phrases of stereotyped commercial usage. But, I make these observations by the way, to show that the system is one—that the differences are comparatively inconsiderable—that they vary not the principle or the casuistry of the matter—that the system is utterly and awfully wrong—that no Christian ought to *do evil that good may come* in favor of it: and that those who care for their souls, and for the approbation of God Almighty, ought not to be driven from the true state and nature of these matters and their involved issues.

As to the *principle* as related to the moral code of God, I hesitate not a moment to say, that, other things being equal, a slaver of any description ought to be excluded from the communion of the Church; and that, by consequence, the members of the Church, individually, ought to withdraw communion from slaveholders and slave-dealers universally. Whatever in the system, or in our support of it, is morally wrong, is no small criminality. It is piacular, rather than venial. It is the moral annihilation and perdition of our fellow-creatures—each one of them a brother of the species—an immortal—a man in body, soul, and spirit. And is it OUR Judge Eternal, who condescends to wear our common nature, in the person of Jesus Christ, on his throne, and to call every man his brother—such emphatically, if he loves the Saviour? and to be represented on the earth, by the poor and the oppressed? *And the King shall answer, and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto* ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, *ye have done it unto me.*

The application of these reasonings, or of this principle of non-communion, is, as I have said, another matter. I shall view it as related to those who are actual slavers in some way, and those who advocate and approve their cause. Of these, inversely—

1. In reference to the speculative slavers or the pro-slavery advocates, in Church and State, especially among us here at the North, I think, on the principle that light graduates guilt, our church discipline must probably begin with them. We must not be *partakers of other men's sins.* We must *have no fellowship* with evil works, *but rather reprove them.* Now, our old maxim is a sound one—THE PARTAKER IS AS BAD AS THE THIEF. I say it is sound, for so says God himself. *When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him,* declares the Holy Ghost, in the fiftieth Psalm; where the Day of Judgment is described in its principles, and anticipated in its decisions; and where God condemns the castaways, on the principle that they approved the evil that others did. Thus the apostle charged a promiscuous audience with the crimes that other hands than theirs perpetrated against the life of Jesus Christ. *Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead: whereof we are witnesses.* On the same principle, we have all justified his murderers, appropriated their crime, and crucified HIM ourselves. And what is their plea for doing this among us, in the matter of Slavery? Whatever be its form or its ingenuity, it is all, so far as I have yet seen, an excuse framed on the principle of expediency. It is all a short-sighted, time-bounded, truth-denying plea of convenience. I should think, then, that it may be expedient to sin against God, in certain instances and circumstances! What fools the martyrs were! If their "noble army" could only have gone to school to certain modern casuists, they might have learned how to fear *them that kill the body.* The millenium can never come, nor the Gospel spread its genuine influences in our own country, nor missions prosper, till the total system of Slavery is abolished. O, what a sin is Slavery!

We must do more than not approve, or any other negative. We must wisely, but firmly, testify against it; or, calm conscience aright, *for* excepting, from our testimony against sin, one of the greatest of its systems. We must *let our light shine,* if we have any. We must practically interpret Hebrews 13, 3;—Psalm 61, 1—3;—James 2, 4—9;—Matthew 27, 19—20;—Romans 1, 14. A very great divine in New England, just after I was mobbed in New-York for pitying the poor—through the influence of the *pious* editors of daily papers in that city; them and their satellites—wrote me a letter, the sum of which was, that I had nothing to do with Slavery, and had better say nothing about it, as a minister of the Gospel, or as a man. I replied, mainly requesting an answer to these two questions:—

Is the system of Slavery, as it exists concretely—not in the abstract—in our country, morally wrong, or morally right, or morally characterized at all? If it is any of these, how can it be proved that a minister of the Gospel, a Christian, or a man, in this country, has no moral relation to it? He sent me a verbal message of thanks for my answer—promised a reply to it; but eighteen months, nearly, have passed without its reception.

2. In reference to actual slavers in our country, the application of the non-communion principle to their case, is one of solemn moment. It will have to be discussed; and not lately have I first considered it. But my paper, I see, is too near its limits, to authorize me in this communication properly to enter on it. This I may employ an early opportunity to do in another paper. Then the magnitude of its relations—the palliating circumstances of our Southern brethren in respect to it—the progress of light—the nature of sins of ignorance, and the proper season and manner of action on our part, will come to be considered in the treatment of the question. I am very far from wishing to say or do one rash thing, on this subject of thrilling and never-to-be-slighted interest.

In what remains of this paper, I would dwell on the enormity of the whole system of Slavery, both as to its original sin, and as to our innumerable actual transgressions that flow from it. It is founded in man-theft, which is high felony and piracy by the laws of all civilized nations. The ancestors of all our colored brethren were diabolically stolen in Africa, cruelly forced over the ocean, and sold, because they were bought, in our country; they and their offspring with them, prospectively, in the last generation of time, were purchased and confirmed to their owners and their heirs forever. Now, as to the *equity of* the title. Trace the stream to its source. Can man-theft make equity?

Apropos—it is just a year, on the 3d instant, since the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, of New-York, known and honored for his hearty faithfulness in this, and every other good cause, and myself, were taking tea in that city, at the house of one of my beloved families, for I was then a pastor, when a villain or two slipped into the hall and stole our overcoats, in the twinkling of an eye. The next day we entered a description of them at the police office, in some dubious hopes of their restoration. About three days after I called alone, and had the pleasure to identify his, in their capacious wardrobe. It was strangely found. One of the thieves actually brought the other, with Mr. Ludlow's coat on him, to the office, complaining, virtually, as the event showed, that his co-thief was not *equitable* in dividing the booty; when they were both taken into custody, and the coat restored to its owner.

But where, said I, is my new Boston wrapper, for which I paid a round sum the previous week? These were the thieves that took it also, and at the same time. Very like, Sir, said the officers, you will never find it. They probably sold it to some equally *honest* purchaser, who encourages the trade; and there are many such in the city. But if sold from one to another a thousand times, and we find it at last, we will take it at all hazards, and restore it to you; for stealing, you know, can never make a title; and buying stolen goods, is no lawful possession.

Well, thought I, let my wrapper go—and gone it is, to this day. But let me see—*stealing can never make a title* to a surtout or wrapper. What then if I had been in it myself—if I had been stolen, and sold successively to a thousand purchasers, would not my present owner have an equitable title at last? Why, no—if a man is as important as a wrapper. I have only room to say,

Yours, in love,
SAM'L. H. COX.

From the Boston Courier.

UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

At a meeting of the CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN CLERGYMEN, holden in this city, yesterday, at the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour, the following resolutions, presented by the Rev. Theodore Parker, were discussed and adopted:

Whereas, the sin of Slavery has long existed and continually increased in the midst of us, and at this time has brought upon our land the evil and the terrible sin of war: Therefore, Resolved,

1. That we, the members of this Christian conference abhor the institution of Slavery as it is now established in our land, and supported by the Government of these United States with the treasure and the persons of the North no less than of the South; that we count it alike unchristian and at war with the noble nature of man and *the commandments of God,* and that we mourn over the silence of our legislatures and the deadness of our churches in respect to this alarming sin.

2. Resolved, That we lament the chastisement of a disgraceful and infamous war, which our coldness, deadness, and sin have drawn upon us; that we of this conference, as Christian ministers, and in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly pledge ourselves to use what ability we possess, to rebuke and abolish the unchristian spirit which has so long continued, deepened, and extended this national sin, and brought this chastisement upon us; and that we will labor manfully to promote and spread abroad among the people the spirit of true practical Christianity, which is the spirit of freedom, as opposed to all bondage, the spirit of peace and brotherhood, as hostile to all war."

The above resolutions called forth a brief but animated discussion, indicating that there was but one feeling among those present, upon the subjects to which they relate. It is not usual with this body, as such, to pass resolutions, or to vote upon any subject reflecting upon the community around them; their purpose is rather to meet for intellectual improvement, and quicken each others minds and hearts in the work of the Christian ministry. But the present crisis in our national and domestic affairs, together with the general apathy that seems to prevail in the community upon the responsibility which our Government has assumed, and in which it is endeavoring to involve the whole country, seemed to demand a more public expression of feeling and opinion, such as is embodied in these resolutions. Their passage was not unanimous; some perhaps, disliking to depart from the usual customs of the body; but a large proportion of those present voted for them, and we are sure that all sympathized with the spirit they manifest. Whatever may be our peculiar notions as to the propriety of passing such resolutions often, and as a general custom, the present juncture in our affairs seems to demand of us, that we should set them aside, and the more especially since the resolutions cannot be considered as *reflecting* upon one another, as to our previous conduct, nor as setting up any principle that can be liable to obstruct the future action of individuals.

The position in which we of Massachusetts are placed, by the action of the Executive Government of the Union, and by the acquiescence of our own chief magistrate to that action, as appears from the address he has made to the people of this State, demands that some of us should stand up and expose the deep damnation of this war, in which our fathers and brothers and sons are called to enlist. We had supposed that the people of Massachusetts still held in remembrance the deeds of their fathers in defence of those "inalienable rights," which God has entrusted to man. Much as we have been taunted with being the defenders of Slavery, we did not suppose that as a community we were ready actually to take up arms in its defence, and go forth to battle in company with the open champions of the "peculiar institution." Recent events, however, have disabused us of this error, and we have learned with shame that citizens of this State, even before the requisition from the President was made public, volunteered their services to aid in carrying forward this unrighteous scheme of slaveholding demagogues.

It may have been folly to have indulged the imagination of such a thing; but we did secretly hope that our own Executive would refuse the call of the chief magistrate of the Union. Indeed, it is not too late yet; for though a regiment of infantry has been called for, and measures are now in operation for its speedy enrollment, we hope and trust that it will never be permitted to go out of the State;—that the Executive of the Commonwealth will refuse, as did one of his *predecessors*, in the war of 1812 and 1813, to send troops away from our own territory.

If, by the action of the National Government, our persons and property are placed in jeopardy, we are not of the number of those who deny the right and the duty of defending them; we would do so, however, with grief and pain in our hearts, and not with the swelling passions that are excited by the love of acquisition and military renown. We would contend to the last for our inalienable rights, for our property, and for those whom we love. But we cannot, in any sense, defend a war begun by Slavery, and to be carried on for the perpetuation of that abominable evil. Whatever the usages of the country may have been, whatever the laws may declare to the contrary, we would suffer fine, imprisonment, or death, rather than become a partner in the iniquitous scheme of aggression upon a sister republic, for the purpose of defending the sin of Slavery.

We had hoped there was something of this same spirit in others; the crisis of the country demands it. Our own honor as descendants of those who fought the battles of the Revolution, and purchased for us the inalienable rights of freemen, demands that we should protest openly against this war, into which nothing but party ambition and the want of statesmanlike wisdom on the part our rulers have involved us. The Hartford Convention, that great bugbear to modern politicians, comes up before us, with its embodiment of true patriotism, putting to shame the readiness and zeal with which our people respond to a call to go forth into a contest, with which that of 1812 and 1813 bears no comparison, as unjust, iniquitous, and indefensible. Have we of Massachusetts forgotten that Convention, or are we so bound by the spell, which demagogues have raised by the power of that phrase, appealing to the ignorance of the present concerning the past, that we dare not invoke its spirit back again to rebuke the folly and madness that rules in the councils of the nation? Has our worthy chief magistrate forgotten it, or is he afraid to stand in the gap at this present crisis, and call upon the people of the Commonwealth to gather about him, in condemnation of this war of aggression and incursion upon a neighboring people?

"There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil, to keep his state in Rome;"

and is there not enough of love for liberty in these days of reverence for justice, and humanity, and religion, to brook the spirit of "wickedness in high places," that we may maintain our national integrity incorrupt, and save ourselves from responsibility in a war that is demanded by no principle that any man amongst us can defend without violating the teachings of his own conscience?

"Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us."

J. A. B.

From the Independent Democrat.

HOW SLAVERY RULES THE NORTH.

To the true friend of liberty and the rights of man, there is no fact more discouraging than the base subserviency with which Northern men have bowed to the mandates of the South. From the adoption of our Constitution to this hour, there has never been a contest involving Liberty and Slavery, in which the slave-power has not triumphed. The Constitution itself was little less than an unconstitutional surrender of Northern rights to Southern wrongs.

We like to think well and speak well of the Constitution. Perhaps it was the best that could then be obtained. But good as it was, it contained the seeds of all the encroachments of Slavery which have followed. That clause which permits Southern merchandise and chattels to be represented like Northern freemen upon the floor of Congress was the great entering wedge which has cleft in twain the power of the North ever since. Had the North been united and true to themselves, that clause had never been in the Constitution. Had Northern politicians been as faithful to Liberty as the South have been to Slavery, the last slave would long since have seen the light. United, the North has always been strong enough to resist every encroachment of Slavery. Divided, she has bent and crouched before the demon of oppression, whenever and wherever he has stood in her path. Betrayed in the house of its friends, the spirit of liberty has receded, while the slave-power has marched in triumph over every rampart of the Constitution.

Unlike the North, the South have never been divided. The slave-power has never trusted itself in the hands of cowards or traitors. Differ as they might in other respects, Southern politicians have been truer to Slavery than the needle to the pole. It has been, at all times, the tutelar deity before whose altar they have never failed to offer their morning and evening sacrifice. With respect to the North, their motto has always been, "Divide and conquer." They have divided and conquered. They have never sought for a Northern traitor without finding him. They have never offered the price of treason when it was not accepted.

The eccentric John Randolph, while the Missouri question was before Congress, said:

"We do not govern them (the people of the North) by *our black slaves,* but by *their own white slaves. We know what we are doing.* We of the South are always united, from the Ohio to Florida, and we can always unite; but you of the North are beginning to divide. *We have conquered you once, and we can, and we will, conquer you again.* Aye, Sir, *we will drive you to the wall,* and when we have you there once more, we mean to keep you there, *and nail you down like base money.*"

Never were uninspired words truer, or more pregnant with fearful instruction to the North, and to the whole country. It is literally true—it is solemn history, that the South have ruled us by "our own white slaves." We are now nearly, or quite "driven to the wall." The slave-power has, at this moment, the control of every department of Government; and the North is boldly told, that no man can hold a place of profit or trust under the Constitution, who has ever thought or spoken irreverently of the demon of Slavery.

What will be the end of these things, Heaven only knows. One thing is certain—there will be no end of them till the North shall be true to themselves, and to the spirit of their fathers. There will be no remedy till Northern freemen shall spurn from their counsels those "white slaves"—their Athertons, their Norrises, and Burkes, who have betrayed them. True men and free men must be sent into the halls of Congress—men who dare stand up and beard the lion of Slavery in his very den—men whom neither office nor the blandishments of power can corrupt, or allure from the path of truth, liberty, and eternal right. Then, and not till then, shall the on-rolling wave of Slavery be stayed. Then, and not till then, shall the Declaration of American Independence begin to be the Bible of American Liberty.

MR. CLAY'S SLAVE, LEWIS RICHARDSON.

As we have given one side of this story, we give now the other, from the Lexington (Ky.) Observer & Reporter. Even should this account be true, and the "boy" be all that he is represented, we consider it as a remarkable fact that so much pains is taken to invalidate the testimony of a "lying, drunken, worthless, fugitive slave." If we may not in charity consider it a proof of the weakness of Mr. Clay's case, it is at least an evidence of the moral effect of the Anti-Slavery movement:

We comply with the request of Mr. Barnett (the overseer of Mr. Clay, at Ashland) in publishing the testimonials found in our paper to-day, in relation to the runaway slave, Lewis Richardson. Our readers are probably not generally informed that statements obtained, it is alleged, from the mouth of Lewis, full of the vilest falsehoods and grossest exaggerations in respect to his treatment at Ashland, have been for several months past circulating in the abolition papers; and that Lewis having found his way to Upper Canada, a meeting of the inhabitants of the village of Amherstburgh was called to listen to a narrative from his own lips of his pretended sufferings and wrongs, the proceedings of which meeting, duly signed and attested by its officers, have been published. There must have been exquisite enjoyment on the part of her Britannic Majesty's subjects to listening to the strains of pathetic eloquence, from a lying, drunken, worthless, fugitive slave! If they shall ever read the mass of evidence now presented, they must poignantly feel how supremely ridiculous they have rendered themselves.

We think that Mr. Clay has been perfectly right in declining, himself, to take any notice of Lewis's absurd and unfounded tale, cheered and countenanced though it be by all the inhabitants of the Queen of England's town of Amherstburgh, and backed by Mr. Q. F. Atkins. After having lived down so many other calumnies, Mr. Clay has properly left this to the inherent falsehood which it carries on its face, and to the refutation of the documents now published by Mr. Barnett.

To the Editor of the Observer & Reporter:—I request you to publish the accompanying testimonials in relation to Lewis Richardson (a fugitive slave of Mr. Clay). His case has been made the occasion of an unmerited attack upon Mr. Clay. Not he, but I am justly chargeable with any blame, if there be any, in the treatment of Lewis. These testimonials will show to all candid and impartial persons whether any wrong has been done. They embrace,

No. 1. My own certificate.
No. 2. The statement of Mr. J. S. Hutchison.
No. 3. That of Col. Thos. A. Russell.
No. 4. E. A. Dudley, Esq.; and
No. 5. Dr. Halstead.

Your obedient servant,
AMBROSE H. BARNETT.

MR. BARNETT'S STATEMENT.

Understanding that publications are going the rounds of the abolition papers, (some of which have been shown me,) representing that I, as the overseer of the Hon. H. Clay, had treated Lewis, his slave, (who calls himself Lewis Richardson,) with severity, with Mr. Clay's sanction, I think it due to myself and to truth to make a full and true statement of the circumstances out of which these publications have grown. They are founded upon Lewis's own account of the matter, and of course it is material to know his general character and conduct.

I think I have never known a worse negro. Drinking, gambling, disorderly and riotous, he has been ever forbidden by the inhabitants to appear in certain neighborhoods, to which he had been in the habit of resorting on the Sabbath and selling whisky and creating disorder. He has been put in the watch-house for disorderly conduct in Lexington, where his wife resides. And he has often given me the most provoking and insulting language, and even struck me. On the day when I corrected him, (and when he says I gave him one hundred and fifty lashes,) Mr. James G. Hutchison, Mr. Wickliffe's overseer, was present, and his statement accompanies this. I chastised him for accumulation of faults and acts of disobedience passed over by me from time to time, among which that of his neglect to come at the time appointed, according to my express orders, to kill hogs, was the least. His wife, living in town, only about a mile and a half from Ashland, he might have attended as other slaves, who had wives in town, did attend at the time appointed. But the truth was that he had been the previous day, which was the Sabbath, in one of his drunken frolics, and when he did come he showed the effects of dissipation. When I rebuked him for his tardiness, instead of apologizing he gave me insulting language.

Knowing that it was against Mr. Clay's wishes that I should ever whip a servant of his, I bore as long as it was possible with Lewis's misconduct. Disagreeable as it was, I felt it to be my duty at last to correct him, and Mr. Hutchison having come over, I requested him to remain whilst I corrected him. I was entirely free from passion, perfectly cool, and performed the painful duty as deliberately as I would have done any other. Instead of one hundred and fifty lashes, I did not give him more than sixteen, and stopped under acknowledgments made by him of his misconduct, and promises of amendment in future.

The publications to which I have alluded abound in the grossest exaggerations and falsehoods. It is not true that any preparations were made on the Sabbath for killing hogs at Ashland. It is not true that Lewis was ignorant of the intention to enter on that business upon Monday morning. He was well informed of it, and knew how important and usual it is to commence early in the morning on such occasions. It is not true that he asked me to go to see his wife the previous Saturday night. He went, or might, if he pleased, go every night of the week without any particular request. The tale of his being struck with a hand-spike by me, &c. is unfounded. It is wholly destitute of truth that Mr. Clay and I had any interview on the subject of the chastisement of Lewis, and consequently untrue that we agreed that the "impudent refractory slave must be curbed and broke in by three hundred lashes well laid on." Mr. Clay, on the contrary, as far as I know or believe, was unapprized of the correction I gave Lewis until after it happened; and the tale of the manner in which it was inflicted is a fabrication from beginning to end. When Mr. Clay was informed of his having eloped, he prevented my pursuing him, and expressed a hope that he would never again appear at Ashland. When, in his absence, last winter, one of his sons was informed by letter from Ohio, that Lewis could be taken and brought back, he answered, as he told me, that his father and his family were glad that he had left his service, hoped he never would return, and that no effort would be made to bring him home.

Far from any severity being practised at Ashland, I have never known a more indulgent master than Mr. Clay, and his slaves are well treated in all respects. Their clothing is good, and their food abundant. The adults are allowed one pound of bacon per day, and the young in that proportion. They have bread without limitation, and vegetables. Several of the families raise fowls and vegetables.

Nobody, black or white, at Ashland, I believe, regrets Lewis's absence; and if the Queen of England's subjects at Amherstburgh (who appear to have been edified by his public speaking) can derive any benefit from his presence and society, I am sure they will not be envied.

As to the character of Lewis, I have procured the accompanying statements from Col. Thomas A. Russell, and E. A. Dudley, (both gentlemen of the highest respectability, who have been members of the Legislature of Kentucky,) and of Dr. Halstead.

AMBROSE H. BARNETT.

MR. HUTCHISON'S STATEMENT.

I have seen a publication in the Cleveland American, under the signature of Q. F. Atkins, relating to Lewis, or Lewis Richardson, a runaway slave of the Hon. Henry Clay; and as I am the overseer of Mr. Wickliffe, referred to in that publication, I think it right to correct the extravagant misrepresentations which it contains, by presenting a true statement of the transaction which it grossly perverts.

My residence is at Mr. Wickliffe's farm, separated from that of Mr. Clay only by a road. I have been frequently at Mr. Clay's, and have heard an extremely bad character of Lewis. One morning in November or December last, I was at Ashland, in company with Mr. Barnett, Mr. Clay's overseer. He remarked that he had a very painful duty to perform that morning; that Lewis had been guilty of frequent misconduct; that he had remonstrated with him, but that instead of his improving, he had grown worse, and very insolent and offensive; and that he would have to take a more rigorous course with him. Mr. Barnett requested me to be present at his correction, as he might offer resistance, in which case he might be compelled to resort to more violent measures than he wished to employ. I was present. Mr. Barnett was free from anger, cool, and deliberate, and talked, and reasoned with Lewis about his repeated instances of misconduct. The chastisement was inflicted with a switch of moderate size, and so far from one hundred and fifty lashes being given, the number did not exceed fifteen or sixteen, and I am sure he was not seriously hurt. He made all acknowledgments, and pledged his honor he would do better in future. The story told by Mr. Atkins, as to his being tied up, and kept naked a long time in the cold, is unfounded. Mr. Clay was not present, and as far as I know, or believe, did not know of the fact of Lewis being corrected. Certainly nothing was said at the time that implied his knowledge of it. I need not testify to Mr. Clay's indulgence and kindness to his slaves (several of whom he has emancipated) so well known in his neighborhood.

J. G. HUTCHISON.

FAYETTE COUNTY, (Ky.) April 1st, 1846.

I am requested by Mr. Ambrose H. Barnett (the manager of the Hon. H. Clay) to state my knowledge of the general character of Lewis, a slave, lately belonging to Mr. Clay, but now absconded.

The boy Lewis was born the property of my father, and is now about fifty years of age, and two years younger than myself—we were raised boys together. In 1816, when beginning to farm for myself, my father gave me Lewis. From our early association in life, I endeavored to be a kind and merciful master—sparing the rod when often it was absolutely required.

In 1824, he made an attempt on my life, by attempting to drown me in a mill-pond on North Elkhorn. Superior physical power on my part, alone saved my life. He ran off—I pursued and apprehended him in Urbanna, Ohio—and on getting home I sold him for the South. So far as I believe, he was first carried to Louisiana, where, report says, he stabbed, and killed his overseer. To save his value, his master *ran*, and sold him in Mississippi. Here he fell in with a Missouri trader, and prevailed on him to purchase him—he, (Lewis,) having ascertained that all my family, save myself, had emigrated to that State. He saw my brother, Col. Russell, and prevailed on him to purchase him, which he did at a high price.

When on a visit to my friends in Missouri, to my astonishment I saw my old Lewis, who begged me to buy him and carry him back to Kentucky—to this request, I positively refused. When about leaving for home, at the earnest solicitation of my brother, I was induced to bring him home with me. He was submissive and attentive to me, on steamboat and elsewhere. On reaching home, I hired him out for several months—my brother came from Missouri, and sold him to Mr. Clay—and I have always thought that the consideration paid for him was intended more as a matter of accommodation to my brother, under existing circumstances, than for the benefit of Mr. Clay.

Indeed, but a short time before Lewis ran off, Mr. Clay invited me to take the boy off his hands in any *way* I might think proper. Knowing Lewis too well, I declined taking him *in any way.*

Lewis has all his life been a very bad boy—fond of intoxicating drink, and when drunk, vicious, dangerous, and recklessly inclined—disposed to fight *white* or *black*, as they came in his way.

I have known Mr. Clay from infancy—have often been at his house, and for the first time, from a creditable source, I have yet to hear the charge of his being a cruel and tyrannical master. The reverse of this may be true—that his slaves are spoiled by too great indulgence.

THOMAS A. RUSSELL.

FAYETTE COUNTY, (Ky.) May 10th, 1846.

Louis, (a fugitive slave from the Hon. Henry Clay,) has been known by me for some years. He was, for a time, in the habit of visiting my farm. I had learned his *general character* from my father-in-law, Col. Russell, (to whom he once belonged,) and I tolerated his visits only in consideration of the fact, that his daughter belonged to me, and I felt unwilling to forbid him coming to see her. His conduct at length became intolerable, and I notified him, that for the future, I would not permit him to visit my farm under any plea whatever, and this notice I enforced. The causes of complaint against him, were, in part, the habit of beastly intoxication, insolent deportment, and vindictive temper, when intoxicated—carrying whisky with him through the country on the Sabbath, as well as other days, for retail among our servants—coming and going at improper hours—carrying on improper traffick with our servants, and inculcating lessons of deception and dishonesty among them. It has been between two and three years since I forbade his visiting my farm.

E. A. DUDLEY.

I have known the negro boy Lewis, belonging to Mr. Clay, for several years, and know him to be a drunken, refractory, dangerous negro.

J. S. HALSTEAD.

The Standard.

NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

Substance of a Speech of William Henry Channing, at Faneuil Hall, on the afternoon of May 28th, 1846.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—You have expected speakers to be brief in their remarks, as we have no time to lose. You were right in giving this warning. This is the hour for acts rather than for words, and when one's words, if he *must* speak, should be so full of force as to be acts. How few of this great multitude, how few of our countrymen are awake to the solemn issues of this crisis. *It is the judgment-day of the United States!* Yet with what mad apathy, or madder eagerness, are men waiting for the news, as each morning and evening "extra" stamps more indelibly on the page of history, the image of our nation's infamy!

Here let there be no levity, no rashness; but a solemn sense of Divine Justice, to which each people, as each person, is responsible. Let us feel the holy presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, and be purified by this consciousness from self-conceit, excitement, vain imaginations, timidity. Let us speak as wise men, and not as visionaries, or fanatics; for the visionary shrouds existing facts in the golden mists or glowing vapors of his fancy, and the fanatic darkens the air with the sooty fumes of his passion. Let us speak as good men, and not as the time-servers, or the wilful; for the time-server thinks to mock God by the masks with which he deludes man, and the wilful seeks, with hot haste, to forge the solid reality into instruments of his caprice. May the pure light of Truth, pervaded by the warmth of Love, break in upon us like the morning. May the grand associations of this Hall surround us like an atmosphere. Let us confer together on our duties as Christians, and as free Americans. For the end of insuring brevity and collectedness, I will arrange what I have to say in four propositions, of which this is the

First, *That the bond of union between the several States constituting this nation, has been broken, and the Constitution, which was the legal expression of this Union, has been trampled under foot by the* SLAVE-POWER.

Am I asked for proof of this strong assertion? It is abundant, and at hand. What was the bond of union between the States constituting this nation? What was it, Sir? Can we dissect and analyze a living body so as to find the vital principle? The bond of union between these States was a *Life*, a life of common convictions and aspirations, of glorious memories, and more glorious hopes. The essence of this nation was the Christian religion,—announcing a Heavenly Father, commanding human brotherhood. Its fundamental principle, as a body politic, was the common and civil law, asserting the inalienable rights of every human being, and the claim of every citizen to equal justice. These found embodiment in the Declaration of Independence, the Bills of Rights, the National and State Constitutions. And thus a nation was born, in the fullness of time,—as the hope of Christendom and the world,—consecrated to liberty and law, combining in harmony as no nation had ever done before—Freedom and Union. How bright seemed its promise, how magnificent its possible destiny! The various States were bound together as members of a living whole, and the spirit of this growing body was humanity,—the respect and the love of man, as *man.*

But, alas! hypocrisy in practice poisoned from birth its fountain-head of life. It professed Freedom, and tolerated Slavery, professed brotherhood, and tolerated castes. Yet even in this treachery to the essence and principle of the nation, no element of honor and confidence was intermingled. For it was the *universal understanding*, that this abominable institution, this outrage upon Christian charity, this mockery of civil justice, would progressively be banished, and finally destroyed. So much for tampering with the devil! The wily tempter humbly begged food and shelter for the night, and when morning broke he declared himself master. Steadily has the slave-power grown, till from bargaining for a few years' tolerance, it boldly asserts, through official documents in foreign States, that Slavery is the *national* policy; and presumptuously wields the highest national functions for the avowed end of indefinitely extending and perpetuating slaveholding institutions. I ask, what bond of union remains, where religion, law, good faith, honor, self-respect, humanity, are thus basely violated; where every professed principle is slighted; where even hope of redemption from this curse is lost? It is a ridiculous farce any longer to speak of a union between two such principles as Slavery and Freedom. Necessarily they are hostile, and as necessarily pledged to each others extermination. The slave-power has broken the Union.

And does it need, Sir, many words to prove that the Constitution has been trampled under foot? Is it not notorious in this country, and throughout the civilized world, that the whole plot of Texas Annexation, from its base conception to its baser consummation, has been progressively, in every stage, an infringement of constitutional obligations? In its motive and its means has it not been publicly convicted of being a scheme of slaveholding aggrandizement? Have not the corrupt intrigues, by which it has been forced upon the nation, been nakedly exposed? Nay, have not the very concocters of the whole series of measures, which have resulted in robbing Mexico, and extending the area of Slavery over her once free provinces,—unblushingly confessed their *one* design to be the upholding of the slave-power? By its aid in the seizure of Mexican territory; by its mode of acknowledging Texan Independence; by its diplomatic agencies in that province; by the joint resolutions through which Texas was admitted; by the promises of the Executive in relation to its public debt; by the representation which has been allowed to its citizens in Congress; by the extension of Slavery over its length and breadth; the slave-power has manifested a settled determination to use the Constitution merely as a temporary scaffolding, whereby to build up its own palace of power. A Constitution thus systematically slighted, becomes a dead letter, and loses all its sanctions. It is absurd to maintain, that one party to a compact can be bound by obligations which another rejects. That would be making the loyal the slave of the lawless. By the repeated declaration of sovereign States, and by the reiterated assertions and arguments of our leading statesmen and jurists, it has been conclusively proved, that in the annexation of Texas, the Constitution of the United States has been fatally trifled with. Nothing can re-establish it in the respect of the nation. Its torn and soiled pages are crushed beneath the heels of violence, never more to be gathered up. The slave-power tramples on the Constitution. This leads us to this,

Second proposition: *That we are now living, not under a National Constitutional Government, but a lawless Oligarchy of slaveholders and their vassals.*

This, indeed, follows as a necessary sequence from the first proposition; for if there is no longer a Union, or a Constitution, there can be no National Constitutional Government. This truth is so plain, that slight illustration is necessary. But I cannot forbear to express amazement at the meekness and forbearance—shall we call it,—or the cowardice and sloth, with which the freemen of this nation are submitting to the dictation of a band of arbitrary tyrants. Oh, ye sages of the people, would ye but trust in the simple counsel of one who is, and who professes to be, only a child in policy, when he tells you that this surrender of our rights into the hands of these usurpers is a *national suicide.* These words, oligarchy, tyrants, usurpers, are hard words; they are so, Sir, but are they just? I have nothing to do in this matter with *persons*, but only with *facts;* and I deliberately assert it to be the fact, that the Government of this nation is in the control no longer of the *Democratic party*, but of a FACTION of *slaveholders and their vassals.* Ask Maine, New Hampshire, New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, whether this is not true. How many honest men, in all those States who voted for the present administration, would give their right hands now to recall this deed. Is it not clear as sunlight, even to the purblind, that the offices, the means, the energies of what should be a National Government, are becoming more and more concentrated in the hands of a clique, who are willing to sacrifice a nation's interests for their ends of selfish aggrandizement? Are not the army, and navy, and treasury; yea, alas, and the judiciary, fast passing into the exclusive management of those, whose chief and sole care is to protect, and permanently establish the power of the slaveholders? The great national questions of tariff or no-tariff, of sub-treasury or no-treasury, last and most appalling,—of war or no war, turn upon this solitary consideration,—how will they affect the interests of the slave-power? Does not the whole country know, that the only rational ground for hoping that we shall not be plunged into war with Great Britain is, that "the chivalry" fear that the result of such a struggle would be universal emancipation? A contest with England would free the slaves, therefore the cry is peace, peace, even though our boasting administration must sneak out of its big claims; but a conquest of Mexico will indefinitely multiply the market for slaves; therefore war to the knife with the barbarous Catholic Spaniards, who have dared to set to the civilized, Protestant Anglo-Saxons a lesson of liberty. And thus are we led to the

Third proposition: *That this nation has been plunged by these usurpers into a most atrocious war, by as atrocious means;—a war of endless aggression for the unlimited establishment of Slavery; means, which violate Constitutional restrictions, and the obligations and decencies of international law.*

There is no need of tearing open the hideous leper-sores of this war. The civilized world is sick of its cold-blooded hypocrisy, its deceitfulness, its meanness; and in the distilled contempt spit upon

ns, for this sin, by Europe, we have only the foretaste of that vial of wrath which Heaven will surely pour down, and with which history will condemn this "unparalleled outrage upon Mexico,"—the spirit of the age, the means, and ends of the war, the intelligence of the people, considered,—as the most perfidious, cowardly, actually devilish war ever committed upon earth, Sir! may seem to be using words of extravagance; but before God, and in the calm, still light of conscience, am I deliberately convinced, that no professedly civilized, and Christian nation was ever guilty of so profligate a piece of villainy as this, which our nation is at this instant engaged in. I do not except Great Britain in India, nor France under Bonaparte, nor Russia in the subjugation of Poland.

There is one fact, in relation to this projected conquest of Mexico, which is not sufficiently set in the light. It is, that Mexico would gladly, up to the very last moment, have avoided hostilities, but that she has been actually forced to fight, or surrender herself to utter extinction. I point for confirmation of this statement to the letters of Mr. Shidell and Mr. Black. It is there made manifest, that she would have given up Texas peaceably. Only when she found, that she had no mercy to expect from the ruthless sons of the old Norman and Saxon marauders; only when it was perfectly apparent, that the settled purpose of the United States was to blockade her ports, seize on California, and then bully and bribe her into passive compliance, did she bravely resolve to die, if die she must, on her frontiers. Sir! the world already knows, and futurity will repeat the fact with indignant execration,—that it has been the deliberate plot, for these long years, of the faction which now rules this nation, to compel Mexico into conflict, in order to find some *pretext* for stealing California. Oh, would that this abominable crime had been committed unmasked, and unblushing; for it adds the blackest shade of all to this deep-dyed fraud, that we should now pretend that Mexico is the aggressor. Alas! an American, a countryman of Washington and Franklin, of Jay and Madison, can no longer hold up his head amidst the most shameless courts of the old world. No diplomacy has been so skulking; no deeds of force so gratuitous, as those of this free Republic. It is the old story of the wolf and the lamb. We have lied in order to find an excuse to kill; and then killed because the lie is detected. The slave-power needs the whole of Mexico, and by guile, by gold, or by the red right hand, will she have it. This faction needs *the whole of Mexico*. Is not this most manifest from the fact, that although the Mexican troops have retired from the Rio Bravo, we are yet preparing to march upon the capital? Why fight another battle, unless Mexico seeks to drive our army from the provinces already stolen? Is it not perfectly obvious to the most stupid, that the design is to make Mexico *pay* us, for having murdered some thousands of her sons, and pillaged and taken possession of some millions of her broad acres, by yielding California? What words are there, Sir, hot and hard enough, to brand with the mark of the beast as it deserves, this infernal *trinue policy, of robbery*—murder—fraud? And why does the slave-power need the whole of Mexico? That thereby, the institution of Slavery,—now overborne, and tottering under the condemnation and the commercial policy of the civilized world,—may be re-established;—that new and endless markets may be opened for slaves, and thus their home-value heightened;—that the dynasty of Slaveholders may permanently overawe the United States. And for such an end the freemen of this nation are to *shatter* to the in bundle and be consumed!!! This brings us to the

Fourth proposition: *That the Governor of Massachusetts, in disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated deliverations of its will, and his own explicit confession of the claims of justice and duty, has dared to summon the freemen of Massachusetts to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty.*

Where, Sir, is the spirit of '76, that the citizens of the capital of this Commonwealth have not long since crowded this venerable Hall to wash their hands forever from all participation in this nation's crime? Why did not our bells toll backward over our deep disgrace? Where was the shade of Governor Strong, that it did not stand by the table of the present Executive, and guide his pen to give a stern refusal to the President's proclamation?

They say, in the streets, that the fatal step of obedience to the slave-power is not taken,—that Massachusetts is not yet disgraced by this base compliance,—that her volunteers may yet *be kept upon her own soil*. Ah! believe it ye who can. It tears the very heart-strings out, as I say it,—but for one, I have lost my confidence in my mother-State. But two years since, Sir, and Massachusetts stood alone, in glorious dignity, the standard-bearer of the faithful; she had it in her power by her veto to have put an end forever to the Texas-plot; even this last summer, had she rallied bravely in behalf of freedom, she might have stayed the consummation of this base iniquity; but when her great men and her statesmen met together even in this sacred Cradle of Liberty, and worked off the indignant energies of a noble people in empty hosts, half-promises, and treacherous timidity; and when even such pledges as she did give were shuffled aside, postponed, shrunk from, broken; then, Sir, her scattered sons, over the length and breadth of this land, wrung their hands in utter heart-sickness; and the doom of this nation was sealed. Oh! to have forfeited this priceless opportunity of being the *medium*, the saviour of a nation, and such a nation, for the poor sop of commercial profits, party power, and official honor,—what an irreparable wrong! The pillars of Massachusetts' fame have crumbled; her spoil-ss flag lies trailing in the dust. She is a hye-word among the States; her name is a synonyme for braggart.—Let her send her volunteers; for if they stay, it will be thought to be pure cowardice. Let her doff her mantle of pride, and put on her rags of shame. Let her play the jackal to the Southern lion.

And now, fellow-citizens, the portrait of our nation, in her present attitude is completed. Take one view of it as a whole. We are without a Union,—without a Constitution,—ruled with the sword by the slave-power,—betrayed by our leaders,—given up to be the tame serfs of an unscrupulous faction,—who summon us to extend, by murder and marauding, the dominion of Slavery to the Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama!

What is to be done? I will tell you, what I think is to be done. I open to you my heart and judgment, in the full consciousness that we are all standing under the eye of God, and "compassed about with a cloud of many witnesses." The spirits of the great and good of all ages, the spirits of our ancestors, who bequeathed to us the legacy of their deeds and characters, and entrusted their infant institutions to our keeping, are around us. Let us breathe in magnanimity from such communion. Let us hear their voices.

I. *Individually and collectively, let us pledge ourselves to give no manner of countenance, aid, encouragement, to this war; but in every way to show that our sympathy is with the oppressed and not with*

II. *Individually, and collectively, let us pledge our contributions to the support of the families of those who, being drafted, refuse to serve, and take the penalty.*

These two steps are *duties*; anything less should be cowardly submission to wrong. Can it be possible that there is a man here unwilling to pledge himself in no way to abet this deed of robbery and murder? Dare we stand in Faneuil Hall, and speak in extenuation of this career of aggression, down which the rulers of this people are seeking to plunge us? Does not every man of common-sense and common virtue, in his heart condemn the whole Texas-plot, from beginning to end, as a scheme of unequalled meanness? And now is it for the sons of the Pilgrims to be bullied into upholding this trick of political gamblers by their blood and treasure? It has been said, with most transparent sophistry, that this war is no worse than all wars; because in every war there must be a contest of justice with injustice; and that what is base on the part of the United States is counterbalanced by what is noble on the part of the Mexicans, who are equally our brethren. What an amount of high motive and devotion to good, then, must there be in the people of Mexico, to counterpoise the concentrated selfishness which prompts this nation in its attempt to crush a sister republic. In what a position does a citizen stand when he must pray, if pray he can at all, to see his country humbled! Surely every generous heart must long to see Mexico triumph.

[Here there was a cry of "Shame, shame," accompanied with hiss-s from the gallery, when the Speaker, looking up to the disturbers, continued.]

Brothren, though this insult to me is meant a unkindness, do you think to silence by such hoyish tumult a man who has made up his mind as to duty? If you do, you may as well go home! I *will* tell you the truth. That need how you hear. Come to *yourselves*. It is not the manhood within you which sends forth these hisses; but a remnant of the old serpent. I speak to you, as knowing that every idle word will be written down in judgment. Listen as men who are each alike responsible. You can not make truth a lie, or right wrong, by your willfulness.

I deliberately repeat, I long to see Mexico victorious. If there must be battle: at least God grant that there be always courage and devotion on the side of right—*and Mexico is in the right*. Her whole position and action, the dignity of her State papers, her temperateness under grossest provocation, her declaration to uphold the cause of Liberty against Slavery, her resolve to guard her frontier from invasion, do her honor in the eyes of the unbiassed-looking world; and her glory deepens by contrast the blackness of our shame. Before Heaven and my conbntrymen, do I, for one, solemnly declare, that could I be forced to fight in this inhuman struggle, it should be under the banner of Mexico. Any other course would seem to me impious and unmanly; fighting against God, and playing the coward. Mexico, weak-bunded, is defending the cause of *Universal Freedom*; she needs, and deserves aid, and the best way to aid her is to give the weight of the moral influence of this nation against those who now control the Executive action. Who doubts,—that, if the good and wise throughout the land, North and South, who in their consciences detest this war, would cast aside timidity, time-serving, mock modesty, fear of losing caste, dread of nicknames and insult, party subservience and clock, and unite in a remonstrance strong and deep, the war would disband,—justice would be done,—plans of aggression would be arrested, and peace would seal up again this crater of selfish passion? Pledging ourselves to stand aloof from the contest is the right and the only way of throwing whatever influence we have into the scale of justice; and of freeing ourselves from all implied countenance at the guilt of our rulers. And if we will thus pledge ourselves in no way to lend resources in the nation's crime; the same considerations must surely lead us to promise support in aid of the families of those who may be drafted, and who refuse to serve. Our ancestors made great sacrifices in a cause which involved no such sacred principle, as is involved in this. Our struggle for independence was a far less just one than the effort of Mexico to keep her soil unstained by the system of Slavery, which unprincipled invaders are seeking to force upon her. Are we such degenerate sons and daughters as to grudge small sacrifices now? In olden times the chosen people gave of their substance a tithe to the Lord. This cause of Peace and Freedom is God's cause. His mercy-seat is forever and every where the loving heart. His true Levites are in all lands, and times, the self-sacrificing. Let all then, now,—who feel this affair of ours home to their consciences and hearts—pledge themselves that Mexico may be saved from the ruin with which the relentless Slave-Power threatens her—come up joyfully, as to a religious service, and pay their tithes in contributions for the *keepers* of the peace. Thus shall we become peace-*makers*; and the beatdiction shall be upon us.

Here, then, are two plain, practical measures, suited to the present emergency. Are we ready to adopt them for ourselves, to urge them upon others? Let us decide coolly, in full view of the consequences involved!

How will such a course of conduct be *considered*, and what, in itself, will it *really be*? I will tell you, in two words. It will be considered as treason, it will be LOYALTY. Choose ye, like men, between the appearance and the reality. This is one of the trial times, that proves the virtue, the manliness of a man. It is the spirit which asks us now the question, "Do ye love the praise of man more than the praise of God?" and that solemn question cuts to the quick. The signers of this pledge of peace will be called traitors. It is hard to *bear* such a name, but it is much harder to *deserve* it. And who are really the betrayers of this nation? We have already seen. They are the FACTION, who, for selfish ends, by fraudulent and forceful means, have compelled Mexico to fight us for her own self-preservation. In their insane course of selfish and political aggrandizement, these men have overturned the altar of our national faith, and torn down in ruins the national halls of justice. Fellow-citizens, the only deed of true patriotism now to be done, is to save our household gods,—the images of our fathers,—and their treasured legacy of great principles, from the desecration of this lawless oligarchy. He is the true American, who is ready, in this hour of the apparent triumph of oppression, to swear once again his allegiance to freedom, and to freedom only. He is the true Christian, who, scorning the commands of any earthly ruler, re-devotes himself, in this hour of popular delirium in favor of war, to the service of the Prince of Peace.

I have told you what the signers of this pledge would be *considered*, and what they would *really be*. Do you say we are ready? It is well! Yet for one moment longer consider the possible consequences to yourselves and your families, of signing this pledge. Act not in so solemn a matter rashly. This war of conquest is but begun. The papers, indeed, assure us, that it will be a short war. Before winter comes, the "booted lefers," as Mr. Wise was wont to call them, are to plant the American Eagle in the Capital of Mexico,—to "revel in the halls of the Montezumas,"—to plunder the churches of the "lazy priesthood,"—to heap their wagons with golden images,—and our ships are to ride at anchor in the harbors of California, under the banner of the stars and stripes. So hoast the prophets of the Press. Alas! it may be otherwise ordered in the councils of Heaven. This only is clear,—if ever, on this earth, a nation *deserved disaster*, it is the United States. And for one, I see the *possibility* of quite a different destiny. Looking forward for some two years or more, I seem to see an army wasted by pestilence, cut off, hemmed in amidst a hostile nation,—volunteers few and feeble, and quite sick of glory,—a bankrupt treasury,—a prostrate commerce,—a perplexed, divided people,—and meanwhile the tornado of Indian warfare is sweeping the western frontier, and black clouds surcharged with blood are rising from the low plains of the South. Certainly it is no exaggeration to say, that such horrors may, *possibly*, be lurking beneath this crimson curtain of fair which we have lifted. Certainly it *is possible*, that the prediction of John Quincy Adams may be verified, and the "*end* of Texas Annexation yet prove to be a four-fold war,—a foreign, Indian, servile, civil war." A wise man will arrange his plans accordingly. What will you do, when a draft is made in order to put back the red men, whom we have maddened by abuse,—to quell the rising of the long-crushed slave,—to redeem our scattered forces from the mountain passes, and the guerilla bands of Mexico? What will you do when a hireling press shouts "to the lamp-post,"—when a ruffian mob is quick to do a tyrant's bidding,—when martial law has substituted the bullet and the halter for the even scales of Justice? Are you ready, amidst such an ordeal, to stand firm to Freedom, to hear in patience your share of the penalty, which evil rulers, chosen by an evil people, have justly brought upon the nation?

Then come, volunteers in the hosts of God's faithful,—true sons and daughters of the stern Puritans! Summon up what is in you of the old Berserker courage, of Anglo-Saxon independence. We are called to an easy duty,—the not doing wrong; and in a slight penalty,—the insults of wrong-doers. And yet to discharge nobly that duty, and to bear magnanimously that penalty, needs more than Spartan firmness, even CHRISTIAN HEROISM. Come up,—enrol your names in every town and village and city,—and marshal your hands, armed only with the ploughshare and the pruning-hook, beneath the white banner of Peace. We may be accursed in an evil generation,—may be called fanatics, and fools,—may be imprisoned, strangled, shot. But I tell you, that in this very hour we are putting on a robe of honor; and far off may be heard the congratulations of the coming ages.

So, Mr. Chairman, and fellow-citizens! I have not yet done. Another step,—besides those of pledging ourselves to peace, and contributing to the support of those thus pledged,—should, it seems to me, be taken, and that straightway. The measures already described have reference to a present emergency; the one now to be stated is prospective, and looks far into the future. I say, then, as the result of my past deliberations, that the time has fully arrived when the *people of these States should consult together as to the formation of a new Union, and the adoption of a new Constitution*. The slave-power has, by this last blow, destroyed this nation, as it has been in the past. The time is very near at hand, when the most cautious and conservative will clearly recognize, what the sagacious and bold already know and declare, that the people of the United States are thrown back into their original elements. The bond of mutual confidence is broken forever; the sovereign law has been irretrievably slighted. The most ambitious will soon be made to feel, that pecuniary offices, grudgingly given, and jealously watched, are but poor wages for sycophancy and degrading compromise. The most covetous will, ere long discover, that the unsteady policy of men who use great measures of statesmanship only as bubbles wherewith to ride up to power, leaves their income too heavily, and makes gain too precarious to be tolerated. Doubtless the promise of new markets in Texas, and of safe ports in California, has proved a tempting bait to the commercial and manufacturing world. Doubtless the mercenary even dare to rejoice in the present war, because it has "saved the tariff, and put off, indefinitely, the sub-treasury." But how soon will the delusion be ensnaring. The perpetual dread of new enormities, leading to new confusions, must necessarily so perplex business operations as to spread mildew and blight over the greenest prosperity. And how much is this war of endless aggression to cost? First Santa Fé, then California, then Mexico proper, then Cuba, then Haiti! Is not the plan of the campaign marked out, and is it not appalling in its extent and probable duration? Does any man flatter himself that the presumptuous, unscrupulous dynasty, which now commands us, will be tamed and made temperate by success? Who will *pay* for the vast expenditures of these ever-expanding conquests, even if we triumph? And how long can a general war be avoided if this Republic, under the guidance of the madmen who have seized upon its management, rushes forward to possess the whole continent? Finally, how soon will high military honor be made the necessary avenue to the presidency, and the Government of this free people become in fact, if not in name, a dictatorship? Can a student of history can an observer of men, doubt of the result? On the low ground of sordid calculation, and mere private interest. I say, then, the time has fully come, when it behoves the freemen of this nation to band together, and form, while they yet may, a new Union.

But, friends, and fellow-countrymen, I urge this policy of a NEW UNION, a NEW CONSTITUTION, from the highest and holiest considerations which can prompt patriots to act. Only by such a course can we preserve what there is of vitality in the nation. The fundamental principles *of our free institutions* have been too much and too long sneered at as visionary abstractions. Hypocritical faithlessness to our professed axioms of Government has made us incapable of conceiving clearly the great ideas of our ancestors. Reverence and loyalty give way more and more to mercenariness, partisanship, place-hunting, and love of power. A sublime trust in the mission of this free nation, as the herald of a new era for Christendom and humanity is transformed into an eager passion for territorial aggrandizement and an insatiable lust for wealth. The very image, which cheered our fathers on through every trial, of a Christian Commonwealth has vanished from our firmament. The truly divine ideal,—which should be the perpetual inspiration of this people,—of an equality in rights and chances has died out of men's hearts; and yielding to the sway of custom, neighbor vies with neighbor in rearing the base of capital. The aristocracy of money has usurped the place of reverence for man. Now, no one, who has studied the history of this country can doubt, that the institution of Slavery,—by its perpetuation of an order of landed nobility,—and the habits it has necessarily enershed of insentation and luxury, by the class of professional politicians it has bred, has been the most prolific source of the evils which most endanger our existence as a Republic. But this evil influence must be

We need to replace ourselves where our fathers stood, and even on a higher ground than theirs; to take up the problems of Government and society which they left unsolved, and to carry out and complete their imperfect work. We need to re-assert more strongly the principles than they did, the great doctrine of human rights, and to apply it practically to life, as they did not dream of. We need to realize indeed and in truth a Christian brotherhood, a UNION OF FREEMEN.

And this shall yet be done, soon done, God grant,—With no gloomy auguries let us close, but only with serene and steady hope. The power of evil is strong in this generation, in this country, but the spirit of humanity is stronger. Thousands, who a few years since stood back from all reforms, are now enlisted earnestly in the cause of man's redemption. Universal principles of justice are asserted in the face of the selfish maxims of expediency. The mere declaration, that the slave is a man, and has all the rights and privileges of manhood, has opened in the consciences of multitudes a wholly new view of the worth of a human being, and of the true ends of human life. Amidst us is already rising the promise of a purer day for this nation than it has ever seen, a day of public repentance, of confession of its past hypocrisies and crimes,—of willing obedience to God. I call upon you, fellow-freemen, to hasten on this better time; to into your towns and neighborhoods, and proclaim that the nation between Freedom and Slavery is at an end; that the Constitution, which professes liberty and establishes oppression, is thrown aside; assert in their lenith and breadth the essential principles of the nation—Christian love, and civil freedom;—call primary assemblies of the people to consider the present crisis, and their duties; raise the rally cry of a NEW UNION, a NEW CONSTITUTION; and this in God's own time, shall we become, if we are not faithful, brave, and prudent, what he from the first designed us to be, a NATION OF UNITED FREEMEN.

And now, Mr. Chairman, as a summing up of the whole subject, I be leave to present to the meeting the following preamble, and resolution:

Whereas, the Constitution of the United States has been organized in effect by the slave-power, and the bond of union between these States broken in fragments; and whereas, we are therefore living not under a legal Constitutional Government, but under an illegal oligarchy of slaveholders, and their vassals; and whereas, these usurpers have planned this nation into a most atrocious war, by successive measures;—a war of endless aggression for the unlimited establishment of Slavery—means, which violate every principle of Christian ethics, and the divisions and decencies of international law; and whereas, finally, it is Governor of Massachusetts, in disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, and his own unequivocal confession of the claims of justice and duty, has dared to summon Massachusetts freemen, to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty;

Therefore Resolved, That, the people of Massachusetts, do here and now deliberately assert, that there is no longer a Union, a Constitution, a National Executive; that no citizen is under any legal obligation to aid the usurpers in their work of unparalleled outrage upon Mexico; that a participation in this war, is an act of treason with which no citizen can be justly charged, against this nation; and that we announce for ourselves, and recommend to our fellow-citizens, every where, these three measures, as implied by the present crisis:

I. Individually and collectively, to pledge ourselves in no way to countenance, encourage, or aid this inhuman and impious robber of Mexico.

II. Individually and collectively, to pledge our contributions to support the families of those, who being drafted for this war, refuse to serve, and take the penalty.

III. To meet in primary assemblies of the people, and in County, State, and General Conventions, for the end of re-establishing this prostrate Republic; of forming a new bond of Union, which shall be founded on principles of freedom, and of forever ending, and of adopting a new Constitution, which shall be founded upon principles of universal justice, and fitted in all its provisions to secure the equal rights of every citizen, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;—and thus of organizing the principles, institutions, and spirit of the Union, which its Providence designed it to be,—a NATION OF UNITED FREEMEN.

Communications.

Letter from Boston.

[The first portion of this letter we gave in last week's paper, but were forced to omit the conclusion for want of room. Though a little late, we are sure it will be read with interest.]

Never did I listen to so much lofty eloquence, and close reasoning combined, as at this Convention. Never did I see Anti-Slavery enthusiasm at so high and sustained a pitch. It was called a *New England* Convention, but in spirit and feeling it was entirely sectional in its limitations. Men thronged from the North, and from the East, and from the West, to sit down in this new kingdom of righteousness. I tell you, my friend, that a NEW GOVERNMENT is now seen of all men to have begun. Here were your friends, the Donaldsons, of Ohio,—the earliest supporters of the cause in that State,—the indefatigable Samuel Brooke, too, was here, and many another, whom New England Abolitionists rejoiced to welcome for their works' sake. An influence went out from this great gathering, into every other anniversary meeting in the city. The Peace Society, (now being rent with dissensions) caught the fire kindled on this memorial institution. Men thronged from the North, and from the East, and from the West, to sit down in this new kingdom of righteousness. I tell you, my friend, that a NEW GOVERNMENT is now seen of all men to have begun. Here were your friends, the Donaldsons, of Ohio,—the earliest supporters of the cause in that State,—the indefatigable Samuel Brooke, too, was here, and many another, whom New England Abolitionists rejoiced to welcome for their works' sake. An influence went out from this great gathering, into every other anniversary meeting in the city. The Peace Society, (now being rent with dissensions) caught the fire kindled on this memorial institution. Men of all sects, and of all parties, with all the divisions and decencies of international law; and whereas, finally, it is Governor of Massachusetts, in disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, and his own unequivocal confession of the claims of justice and duty, has dared to summon Massachusetts freemen, to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty;

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al as through the press. We must have, then, a circulation such as it, nor any other Anti-Slavery paper in this country, ever has had, or it must die altogether. If the paper is not supported now it never will be. If it dies it will be because the spirit has departed from our people, and there is no longer an Anti-Slavery cause.

The Whigs of Massachusetts and their Governor.

... Wh gs of Massachusetts have been in some doubt, ... :selves, as to what course they should adopt ... this war. These doubts were confined to ... —for everybody else knew that whatever ... adopted, it would be one of meanness, and ... At last they have spoken out; and their ... , we give in."—

... ity is not the vaporing of the Boston Atlas— ... any city paper. There could not be a worse ... the real public sentiment of Massachusetts, ... mns of the Boston papers. They are vastly ... fficient. The poor Atlas cannot fairly be ... ke in a general idea; the witty Post would ... to espouse any unpopular principle; the ... onsly and gallantly opens its columns to ... ten reserves its own opinion; the respecta- ... er wakes up to an event, till about a twelve- ... ts occurrence; then it consults some dozen ... orth a clear half million, and alluding to ... pened, takes care to state, that should the ... ain, it is prepared with an opinion! The ... onch nothing that does not relate to Deacon ... awser. As for the penny papers, with the ... eption of the Mail and friend Kent, they ... thing to which the people will give assent,

... thority for the new Whig development is ... onnge than Governor Briggs himself. That ... etical body, the New England Anti-Slavery ... issed a resolution alluding to his recent call ... charging him with being "perjured on ... ples, and a traitor by his own showing"— ... ore, they proved it. The *virtuous* Demo- ... ived *solely* by the wish to show how wicked ... ts were, took care to publish the resolu- ... the next morning. The first result of this ... the raising of one Alderman Jonathan Preston, into a day's notoriety—for he came down, in his wrath, and shut the doors of Faneuil Hall, against the Convention. It is to be hoped that he will have it thoroughly swept and garnished before the seven devils of his own party enter in to take possession. The Whig press, on the other hand, stood confounded. To admit the charge was to lose that only reliable basis of political strength in Massachusetts, the rising Anti-Slavery sentiment of the people. But then to deny it by denouncing and opposing the war in the style one ought after "speaking such great words at the bridge" for the last ten years, was worse still, for in that pathway lay the wreck of the Federal party, and the Hartford Convention. 'Tis a dangerous thing for a party in a Republic to oppose a popular war, no matter how wicked it is.

The wiseacre of the Atlas finding the matter was, of course, too deep for him, except, most characteristically, out of the conflict of *principles*, by praising Mr. Preston! and asking where the Abolitionists were during the battle against Texan Annexation? And why should he not ask? Not being present at that battle himself, how could he be expected to know who were there?

But the Governor himself was most individually nettled, and very inconsiderately (anger, the old Greek said, was a short madness,) blurted out the whole truth:—and here it is—in the form of a speech from his Excellency, to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, dining in Faneuil Hall. In responding to a toast, he "alluded," says the reporter of the Post, to our resolution:

In responding, Governor Briggs, without naming the resolution, alluded to it by saying that he was thankful for the compliment conveyed in the toast, and was gratified to find that he was regarded as an officer who was disposed to do his duty. Without undertaking to say how far he had succeeded in performing his duty, he would say, that he felt bound to endeavor to deserve the compliment which had been paid to him. With regard to his public duty, he had but one course to pursue. What that duty might be, and whenever he might be called upon to perform it, it should be done. That public officer, he said, who fails to do his duty, is a "traitor." (Cheering.) A private individual might yield to his peculiar sentiments in his acts, without acknowledging any other responsibility than that of a simple citizen. But it was otherwise with a public officer, who had assumed responsibility as the servant of his fellow-citizens. Having undertaken to perform for them certain duties prescribed by the laws, he was bound to perform them. Having sworn, in the presence of the constituted public authorities, to support the Constitutions of the Commonwealth and the United States, and the laws passed under them, the public officer who should refuse to perform the duties made imperative by his oath was a "perjured" traitor. (Renewed cheers.)

There are a few thoughts suggested to us by this speech, which relate to George N. Briggs as a professedly religious man—as an officer of Government—and as one who would be thought a statesman, and a lover of liberty. That the speech was ever made shows the good aim of the Convention marksmen, and the vigor of the bow. The Convention arraigns his Excellency at the bar of public opinion:—like any other culprit his Excellency proceeds to plead:—whether his plea amounts to "guilty" or "not guilty," we now will proceed to consider.

And first, be it remembered, that no one disputes, that this war springs from, was necessitated by, and is designed to defend the measure of Texan Annexation. Massachusetts declared, in 1838 and 1845, that "no act done, or compact made, for such a purpose, would be *binding* on the States, or people." And again, that such Annexation "demanded the strenuous, united, and PERSEVERING opposition, of all who claim to be the friends of human liberty." Of the same act, George N. Briggs, at Washington, under his hand, in 1843, declared "that there was no *constitutional* power delegated to any Department of the National Government, to authorize it"—"that no act of Congress could impose the least obligation upon the several States to submit to it;" that "it would be IDENTICAL WITH DISSOLUTION, a violation of the national compact, and inevitably result in a dissolution of the Union, and fully justify it;" that "the people of the free States OUGHT not to submit to it, and would not submit to it," and that he knew their "spirit too well to believe they would be PARTICEPS CRIMINIS in any such subtle contrivance for the irremediable perpetuation of an institution," &c.

Now, in 1846, this same man, under oath to support that Constitution which this act *violates*—professing to love that Union which it *dissolves*—that liberty, of which it is a mockery,—calls for soldiers to invade Mexico, and presumes to talk of the "dictates of *patriotism*, and humanity," and urge "a prompt and *energetic* cooperation of the whole people" in behalf of this plundering career of Government. And when reminded of his shameless inconsistency, what is his defence? "A private individual may yield to his peculiar sentiments." But I we are glad to have an official recognition of the fact, that a man in civil office has no right to keep a conscience. This was always the rule of military subordination; George N. Briggs, of the Baptist persuasion, has the honor of ingrafting it on the civil code. He does not seem at all aware that even an official person, when called to do that which violates his principles and conscience, has the alternative of resigning! Perhaps it would be too much to expect of a politician, or an *American* Christian, that he should allow even the stern code of morality to bring that *awful* alternative into view. We presume it is a fair inference, from the wording of the speech, taken in connection with Governor Briggs's previous declarations, that he deliberately gave his aid, *as Governor*, to an act which, *as a man*, he thought wrong, unconstitutional, and hostile to liberty. As they said of old, "when the Devil gets the Bishop, where will the *individual* be?" We, on the contrary, affirm that when an official person is called to do an act, no matter how legal, which he deems wrong—or better still, an act which he holds to be unconstitutional, such officer is bound to refuse, or resign, as the case may be:—and we appeal to all honest men to decide between us and his Excellency.

But, says the Governor, "the constituted authorities have declared that war exists," hence officials must act accordingly.

And this is the most melancholy part of his Excellency's defence. The Annexation and war have been gross violations of the Constitution, both in manner and fact,—both carried by ruthless majorities,—by gag-law. Governor Briggs knows this; yet standing as the representative of the Whig party of Massachusetts, he asserts, that because they have stolen the *forms* of the Constitution, they must be obeyed! That is, in effect, there is no Constitution; and we are to be ruled by the majorities of the hour. Ultra democracy, the unchecked votes of the people, no matter how unconstitutional, in reality, are binding.

You must not annex Texas, oh, no! That is "unconstitutional,—pro-slavery,—disgraceful,—not to be *submitted to,—to submit* would make me PARTICEPS CRIMINIS, partaker of the CRIME!"

But once annex it, no matter *how*, and I'll aid you in defending it, "with all hearts and all arms," provided, you'll only go through the constitutional *form* of declaring war! Excellent logic!

According to this, if Congress should declare war for the avowed purpose of restoring the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, Governor Briggs would feel bound to call out the troops for their aid?

Nay, according to this, if the houses of Congress should, to-morrow, vote a standing army,—a national church,—forbid habeas corpus,—create a nobility,—George N. Briggs is ready to give them, as Governor of Massachusetts, his gubernatorial aid! and call it "duty" to the Constitution and his office! Ah, but those things would be manifestly unconstitutional! So is this war; even Benton allows it. Yet, because it is covered by an act of Congress, the Governor dares not, or chooses not, to look behind. And by such time-serving it comes to pass, that we have now no Constitution,—we are ruled by bare majorities, and cannot know, till the hour comes, what the law is,—and must then bow in silence.

If this be true constitutional doctrine, if officials of every grade are to obey every act of Congress, duly authenticated, no matter how illegal, how are unconstitutional acts ever to be resisted? Will the Governor undertake to say, that no resource is left but rebellion? We affirm, that the proper course in regard to such unconstitutional legislation, both on the part of officials and citizens, is to refuse obedience, in *order* that its constitutionality may be tested. Let a case be thus made, if possible, for the Supreme Court, which will decide the question. If this be not possible, let a recurrence, at next election, to the people, decide; and in course of years, a long acquiescence on their part will settle the doubts. Governor Briggs's defence, then, grounded on his official position, is a mockery, and a base desertion of his duty, both as a man and a magistrate.

In conclusion, however, we utterly deny the fact upon which this defence is based. We deny that the tenure of his office obliged Briggs to issue any proclamation. *He might have done so or not, as he saw fit.* We base our opinion on known constitutional law, on the conduct and opinion of Caleb Strong, not only an "elder" but a "better" Governor than Briggs, and a lawyer into the bargain; and on the judicial opinions of Theophilus Parsons, Samuel Sewall, and Isaac Parker, the gems of the Massachusetts Bench. The Governor's act was *ultroneous*, as the Scottish law has it, voluntary, of his own free will, flowing out of his extra zeal of subserviency to the slave-power. He did it because he chose to; because he dared not do otherwise; dared not embarrass the National Government in a popular war, with the fate of the Hartford Conventionists staring him in the face. The Hartford Convention! that first of the few wise acts that New England ever achieved, of which her sons have been secretly proud, and publicly ashamed ever since. But the great and good men who performed that act of stern duty, performed it at the price of their political existence. Of course, no one expects the dwarf—imitation—statesmen of the present day to do anything at such a price.

So much for the Governor's plea of "not guilty." And yet what better could we expect, when a man is pushed into office, not because he loves freedom, understands the Constitution, is versed in the great principles of civil liberty, and fit for a statesman, but because he has worn patiently the collar of a party, and his nomination will please the Baptists, and catch the temperance votes. Two strings a winning party is obliged to pull in order to insure success.

The most important result of the whole matter is the following vote of the Mayor and Aldermen, passed *this week:*

Ordered—That permits for the use of Faneuil Hall be granted only on the following conditions: that the expense of opening, cleaning, and lighting, be defrayed by the applicants; that the police in attendance be appointed by the Mayor, and the expense of the same to be defrayed by the applicants; that the applicants shall be answerable for all damages done to the Hall while they occupy it.

A polite invitation, you see, to the next mob to amuse itself at the expense of the Abolitionists! But it happens that Massachusetts has a "statute and most biting law," making cities liable over to individuals for all damages suffered from mobs. To be sure, Aldermen are not expected to know law. But as to the whole thing, *we shall see*. With time, the acorn you tread on becomes an oak.

☞ The Sabbath that has been hitherto considered by the reverend minions of the South as too sacred for the preaching of the Gospel of Freedom, has been, by order of the Washington Executive, formally placed at the service of Slavery.

All day, and fifteen hours a day, are the New England Sabbaths now used in fitting out war-ships from the Charlestown navy-yard, and the Ex-Rev. Secretary Bancroft stands over the strong-armed laborers to see that they set every steam-engine in motion, and every furnace in full blast. Now that the Government needs the day for the support of Slavery, no New England pro-slavery clergyman wags his tongue. Garrison is arraigned as an infidel for bidding men plead the cause of freedom on Sunday, keeping "not one in seven, but *all* days holy;" while Mr Bancroft is a very reverend and approved good master for superintending the ship-building for the maintenance of the war for the perpetuation of Slavery, on the same day.

The pro-slavery clergy know no God but the Government.

An Appeal to Orthodox Friends.

We observe in a late number of the *London Anti-Slavery Reporter* the following paragraph:

"The Anti-Slavery women of Philadelphia are contemplating a "fair" next year for the benefit of THE LIBERTY PARTY; and they are anxious to have some aid from England, Ireland, and Scotland. It may afford some of our readers pleasure to be informed, that among those interested in it are Dr. Wislar Wistar, and wife; Elizabeth Lloyd, daughter, of Isaac Lloyd; Mr. Wm. J. Allinson and wife, of Burlington; Elizabeth Nicholson, daughter of Lindsey Nicholson, of Twelfth-street Meeting; and Sarah Lewis, daughter of Enoch Lewis. We shall be glad to find that many of our female friends determine to aid this philanthropic effort; and shall be pleased to be made the medium of communication between them and our friends in the United States. They intend to make a great and general effort. Communications may also be addressed to Enoch Lewis, American Citizen Office, Fifth street, between Arch and Market, Philadelphia."

We copy this only for the edification and amusement of our Pennsylvania friends, and not because we have any objection to it whatever. Let all parties fight with their own weapons. Liberty party is "new organization," and any amount of billing and cooing between it and the pro-slavery Church does not surprise us. This appeal to the Friends of London Yearly Meeting to assist the third party Fair in Philadelphia, is made upon the credit of the names of members of the Orthodox Society in that city. Some of the very persons here named, to-be-sure, are pro-slavery Whigs, and no meeting in the country has kept more carefully "free from the mixture" in the Anti Slavery cause than this same Twelfth-street meeting; but Liberty party, Orthodox Quakers, and the Broad street Committee, make a very proper trinity, and the sectarian bigotry, and self-importance of the latter make a very pretty accompaniment to the "philanthropic effort" of the former.

Great Anti-Slavery Celebration.—Fourth of July at Dedham, Mass.

We learn that the members and friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society propose to unite in the observance of the Fourth of July, for the promotion of freedom; and that the preparations now in progress are of the most interesting and attractive character. Mr. Garrison will be present, and if he complies with the request of the British friends, seconded by the great New England Convention, to visit them this summer, the 4th will be the last day on which he will address a public assembly before his departure.

There is reason to hope that many distinguished friends from a distance will be present to address the assemblage, as well as many in Boston and vicinity. Wm. H. Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, and J. T. Sargent, have promised to be there.

A fine band of the best wind-instruments is to attend on the occasion, and every provision made for the comfort and accommodation of those present, may, by the requisite forethought and liberality on the part of the friends of the cause, become an efficient means of raising funds.

Let the Abolitionists in every town and village take the steps to raise supplies that they did previous to our Anti-Slavery celebration of the first of August, at Hingham, year before last, and the financial result will surprise themselves.

Whatever is contributed in this way, will, by the arrangements of the Managers of the Rural Fair, to be held at the same time, be prepared and disposed of to the best advantage. The cream, sugar, ice, &c. which might easily be sent, and which doubtless will be contributed, will be made into ice-creams. The fruit and flowers will be sure to find a profitable sale, as well as the provisions of every description. Donations in money, from such as prefer to aid in that way, will be most welcome, as affording the means of making more money of it, by supplying the wants of the visiters if the direct contributions of refreshments should be insufficient.

☞ Books are opened at the Anti-Slavery Office 25 Cornhill, Boston, in which the friends are requested to enter their intended contributions, that judicious and economical calculations may be previously made, respecting the amount of provisions to be depended on.

☞ Bread of all kinds, cakes, pies, tea, coffee, cream, milk, eggs, lemons, sugar, boiled hams, tongues, fowls, &c. with

☞ Strawberries, raspberries, flowers, &c. &c. will be especially needed.

☞ A gratuitous supply of oats, with a volunteer band of friends of the cause to take charge of the horses and vehicles of the rest, will be a most profitable arrangement, and any friends willing to supply those wants of the day, will serve the cause by entering their names.—Will the friends at a distance let those in the city hear from them through the Liberator?

Seats will be provided, and every arrangement made to render this a pleasant and profitable occasion to all engaged in it.

Notice of further arrangements will appear hereafter.

The Church.

A great deal of horror has been expressed by many of the secular newspapers during the past week, on account of the freedom with which some of the speakers at the late Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society alluded to the Church. But the following extract, which we make from a late number of the London Times, a paper which cannot be accused of hostility to the Church, or Churchmen, far exceeds in severity anything uttered by either Parker Pillsbury or Stephen Foster:

"Many recent cases have unhappily shown us that members of the clerical profession can be depraved and infamous—they can also be mean, roguish, and contemptible. From the gravest enormities to the pettiest frauds,—from the highest crime to the lowest cunning,—from incest, adultery, and cruelty, to avarice, chicanery, and slander, we find the ministers of the Church affording the worst and most flagrant instances of the vices we have named."

What American journal would dare to utter such bitter truths? None. Abolitionists have had the hardihood to call the American Church a brotherhood of thieves, a testimony which the Church itself will not deny; and for their boldness they have been reviled by all the bigots and craven infidels in the country. But here is a high Church and State organ compelled, by the records of the courts, to accuse the Church of the basest crimes known to the basest of mankind. "A brotherhood of thieves" is, in truth, a delicate compliment compared with the hard names of the Times.

☞ THE HON. FRANCIS ADAMS has taken charge of the editorial department of the Boston Whig—and it is understood that the small section of the Whig leaders which rallied round the Texas Committee of last fall, will make a vigorous effort to redeem the State, and save the Whig party from the deep infamy to which its present guides are hurrying it.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The New Hampshire Legislature convened last week, and chose John P. Hale as Speaker. On Friday, the two Houses in Convention elected Anthony Colby, (Whig) Governor. Mr. Hale is, no doubt, ere this, returned as United States Senator for the six years ensuing.

☞ We regret that we did not receive the report of the speech of Theodore Parker in season for this week's paper. Much else is crowded out which we meant should have had an insertion, but next week will bring us square again. In the meantime our readers must have patience with us if we are a little behind-hand with our Anti-Slavery intelligence.

WAR NEWS.—We have no room for particulars. The latest intelligence, however, is the taking of Matamoros, by General Taylor, the Mexicans having evacuated the city, and the blockade of Vera Cruz, by the Mississippi and Falmouth.

☞ We are indebted to the Hon. J. R. Giddings, and Hon. Charles Hudson, for copies of their last speeches in Congress. We may make some extracts in future.

☞ The Convention for the revision of the Constitution of this State, commenced its session on the 1st instant, at Albany.

Recent Publications.

Peers and Parvenues. A Novel. By Mrs. Gore. No. 78 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

There are two peculiarities in this novel to distinguish it from the other productions of the author. In the first place one of its prominent characters is an American, not a peer, of course, nor a parvenu, but an accomplished gentleman, that is, according to Mrs. Gore's ideas of an accomplished gentleman, who is an associate of peers: in the second place it is imbued with a certain strain of philanthropical cant, which is an indication that benevolence is becoming a fashionable virtue. There was a good deal of the same spirit in Mrs. Gore's Royal Favorite, which we regard as the best of all her novels, and, were it not for its cant, would be quite perfect as a work of art. Sterne thought the cant of criticism the most odious of all cants, but to us the cant of philanthropy is most offensive, because the difference is so wide between the real and the sham sentiment. Our poor country is overrun with this cant. Our booksellers' shelves and counters are weighed down, staggering under the burden of little whining do-me-good stories written in imitation of the thin narratives by Miss Sedgwick, one of which, we remember, was founded upon the terribly pathetic circumstance of a cross-tempered cook, in a gentleman's family, having been cured of her infirmity by the present of a bottle of Congress water, one morning, when she (the cook) complained of a pain in her stomach. Mrs. Gore, however, has life, and animation, and invention enough to furnish vein to a regiment of writers of this class. We have one lady writer among us, almost as dazzling and spirited, and quite as learned, with whom philanthropy is not a cant but a prominent characteristic, whose sketches of character are quite equal to the most striking touches of Mrs. Gore. But she lacks the constructive faculty which enables the English authoress to knit her stories together with as much ease as our grandmother used to knit stockings. We allude to Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, who is famous as Mrs. Clavers, the author of a "New Home," and of "Forest Life." The American, in Peers and Parvenues, by the way, proves, in the last chapter, to be an Englishman in disguise.

Pictorial History of England. No. 1. Harper & Brothers.

We have here the initial number of an illustrated work differing very widely in character from the one noticed above. It is a reproduction of Knight's celebrated publication, and we have no doubt will prove as popular here as it was in England. It is eminently adapted to popular instruction, for which purpose it was composed, and the arrangement of distinct subjects in separate chapters, afforded an opportunity to employ various pens to greater advantage than could have been done in the ordinary method of historical composition. The engravings are generally authentic copies of coins, monumental records, costumes, &c.; but there are a few fanciful engravings from the designs of Stothard and Fuseli, which we cannot but consider as blemishes rather than illustrations, in a work like this. The typography and paper are excellent, and the quantity of matter extremely liberal for the price.

Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thompson, Esq. Late Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Mexico. New-York and London. Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

This is an imposing volume of some three hundred pages, on a subject at this time of peculiar interest to the American people. Our Plenipotentiary was appointed by Mr. Tyler; he was a Whig, and a Marylander. We love exactness in matters of fact, above all things, and must therefore qualify the fact of the appointment; it might have been made by General Harrison. His recollections are not very full, but as far as they go they are vivid and highly interesting. We read the first portion of his book with a good deal of pleasure, and wondered that so sensible and honest minded a person should have received so profitable an appointment; but, reading and wondering, we presently came to a passage (on page 216) which startled us, and produced as strong a feeling of disgust as we experienced the other day when, in walking through a field of clover, we saw something which appeared like an ebony stick, and attempting to pick it up perceived it was a stinging snake.

"The President," (of Mexico,) says Mr. Thompson, "has a very splendid barouche, drawn by four American horses, and, I am ashamed to say, driven by an American. (His Excellency means by *American*, a United Stateser, but we think it particularly hard upon the Mexicans to refuse them the right of being called Americans.) I can never become reconciled to seeing a native American performing the office of a menial servant; (We should like to know who perform the menial offices in Maryland, if not native Americans;) but I felt this the more on seeing a foreigner, and in a foreign land, thus waited on by one of my countrymen. I was more than ever thankful that I lived in that portion of our country where no man is theoretically called a freeman who is not so in fact, in feelings, and in sentiments; no decent Southern American (here again we must inform the reader of the Plenipo's meaning. By Southern American, he means a Northern American of the slave States) could be induced to drive anybody's coach, or clean his shoes. Here we are at a loss to know what the extraordinary envoy means, whether no decent Southerner could be induced to clean his own shoes or anybody's shoes. According to our own notions, which may be rather menial, we could not consider any Southerner, or Northerner either, a decent man, who would not clean his shoes.) I have no doubt, that if the liberties of this country are ever destroyed, that they will perish at the ballot-box; men whose menial occupations degrade them in their own self-esteem, and deprive them of their proud consciousness of equality, HAVE NO RIGHT TO VOTE."

If this had appeared in Punch, we should have thought it rather too broad for burlesque, but it is the veritable writing of an American Plenipotentiary. And what heightens the wicked folly of it is the fact that this extraordinary envoy is himself a lawyer, and must perform more dirty work than any menial in Christendom, if he lives by his profession. Another exceedingly amusing thing, is, that in the beginning of his book, he exhibits in contrast Massachusetts and Mexico, and in the fervor of his admiration, holds up the old Bay State, and exclaims: "There she is! Look at her! In everything which makes a people great, there is not in the world, and there never was in the world, such a Commonwealth as Massachusetts!" Yet in this model Commonwealth, no man, nor woman, shrinks from performing menial offices when necessary, nor do those whose necessities or tastes compel them to do so, lose in the smallest degree the esteem of their friends, or the consideration of their fellow-citizens. The liberties of this country are in no danger from bootcleaners, and coachmen, but from unprincipled demagogues, and mercenary lawyers, who for the sake of an outfit and an infit, a salary of five thousand dollars, and the privilege of being called honorable, are willing to sacrifice the liberties of their country and go abroad as Envoys Extraordinary, and Ministers Plenipotentiary. Mr. Thompson is a logician of the Malaprop school, and takes peculiar pleasure in refuting his own arguments. He pronounces coachmen unworthy the enjoyment of the privileges of suffrage, and instances one Daniel Gilleland, a native of New-York, and a coach-driver in Mexico, as one of the truest gentlemen and noblest-minded men in that country, and furnishes proof of it, too, which we regret our lack of inability to copy. He insists that the black race have no right to their freedom, because, being unused to it, they could not enjoy it, and quotes T. B. Macaulay to prove that the only way to make men fit for freedom is to give it to them.

These are the blemishes of Mr. Thompson's book, they are the evil fruits of his prejudices of education, but it has many merits, and at this time they will prove peculiarly valuable in aiding our people to form a just estimate of the nation with whom we are unhappily, and most unwisely at war.

Wisconsin: its Geography, and Topography, History, &c. &c. By J. A. Lapham. Second Edition, greatly improved. New-York. Paine & Burgess, 1846.

This is a neat volume of two hundred and two pages, containing a variety of valuable information respecting Wisconsin.

The Discourses and Essays of the Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D. D. With an introduction. By Robert Baird, D. D. Translated from the French, by Charles W. Baird. New-York. Harper & Brothers, 1846.

The popularity of Doctor D'Aubigne's writings among Orthodox Christians in this country, leaves no necessity for remark upon their character. The present publication is an exceedingly handsome volume of four hundred and sixty pages, in neat binding.

The Confessions of a Pretty Woman. By Miss Pardoe. Library of Select Novels. No. 84. Harper & Brothers.

Next to confessing *to* a pretty woman, we think that the confessions of one must be the most pleasing.

The Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Complete in one volume. New-York. Harper & Brothers. 1846. Price 50 cents.

We have here the best edition of Longfellow's Poems that have yet been published. It is infinitely more valuable than the costly *Expurgatorius* edition published by Carey & Hart for a gift book. This volume contains his Anti-Slavery poems, and we are happy to know that the great publishers of Cliff street have more independence than the publishers of Philadelphia. The volume is a very neat one, and the lowness of price must ensure it an extensive circulation. Those who deny greatness to Mr. Longfellow, cannot deny that he is popular, and this, though no test of greatness, is, indubitably of power,—the power to please.

Weekly Steam Mails Between England and America.—Government have entered into a farther contract with the British and North American Royal Mail Company, the effect of which is to secure a weekly communication by steam between Liverpool and the United States of America. A steamer of great power and size will be dispatched direct from Liverpool to New-York every alternate Saturday during eight months of the year. These trips are to be performed as additional voyages, and irrespective of the fortnightly voyages to Halifax and Boston, as this latter service will continue just as at present, with the alteration of sailing from Liverpool, as well as from Boston, always on Saturdays, instead of a fixed day of the month, as at present. The steamers to New-York will also take their departure always on Saturday. By this arrangement there will be a steamer from Liverpool to America every Saturday, and from the American side also every Saturday, the only difference being that Boston and New-York will alternately be the ports of departure.—*Globe.*

Died.

In this city, on the morning of the 26th of May, MRS MARY ANN ESSEX, daughter of Catharine Ferguson, and wife of Wm. Essex, aged 38 years, 6 months, and 26 days.

NOTICES.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a convention at Canterbury, on the Fourth of July, next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through the day. Interesting addresses may be expected on the occasion. Entertainment will be provided for friends from a distance.

Let not the time, nor the place of our meeting be forgotten. Canterbury has been the scene of mournful exhibitions of negro-hating and mobocracy. Here Prudence Crandal bore her noble testimony to the true and right, in the face of scorn, abuse, violence, persecution, and imprisonment. Emulating her earnest fidelity, come to the gathering of the *free*, and consecrate to humanity a day so long desecrated by rum and powder celebrations, and hollow pretensions to freedom.

The patriot, the Christian, the philanthropist, but, above all, the man is invited to attend.

GEORGE SHARPE, *Pres.*

LUCIAN BURLEIGH, *Sec.*

RHODE ISLAND FAIR.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 22, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We beg leave to call your attention to the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, to be held in this City on WEDNESDAY, (Commencement day,) September 2d. We do this the more readily, and hopefully, as the result of the last Fair, and the liberality manifested by friends in furnishing its tables, and in various other ways supplying its wants, far exceeded our expectations. To you all, we render hearty thanks, assuring you that the proceeds of your labors have done much to renew the energies, strengthen the courage, and revive the hopes of the slave's toiling friends, and relieve the necessities of many a fugitive from the house of oppression.

But we must still urge a renewal of your benevolence, and an extension of your liberality. The great cause in which we are engaged is still unconsummated—the public mind is still laboring under the withering, cramping influences of party prejudice, and sectarian exclusiveness. The public ear is still deaf "to the cries of God's poor." The public eye is still blinded to the thousand bloody results of American despotism. The institutions political and social, of the whole land, are still swayed at the dictation of mongers of human flesh. The country is being hardened by the annexation of immense tracts of slave-holding territory. To support the *infernal* system, and multiply the victims of human tyranny, our people are called to unsheathe the sword—to immolate themselves upon the wrecking altars of *war*. We call upon you, friends, to make another effort to break these chains—to annihilate this scheme of diabolical intrigue and conspiracy against the lives and liberties of human beings. We ask you to help us to make the *effort*. Let us spare neither expense or trouble; as we esteem the welfare and happiness of *human beings*—sons and daughters with us of one Great Common Father;—as we value our characters as Christians, and friends of the human race—as we wish to prove the sincerity of our professions, let us individually and collectively address ourselves to the task. Let us forget all selfish interests, and labor for the good of others. This will soften the severest toil, and lighten the heaviest burden.

We invite you to enlist with us in this work, both by contributing, yourselves, of whatever Providence has thrown into your possession of a contributable nature, and by soliciting contributions from others. Nothing will come amiss—anything and every thing will aid us. We earnestly entreat you to leave no friend unsolicited—to let no influence lie dormant—to let no energy remain inactive—to let our stock lack nothing which you can possibly spare.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*Mary R. Clarke,*
S. B. R. Foster,	*E. H. Brown,*
Abby Burgess,	*Amarancy Paine,*
Caroline Ashley,	*H. B Redway,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Parthena T. Jones,*
Abby Thurber,	*Sarah R. Smith,*
Lucretia Francis,	*Mary Smith.*

THE RURAL FAIR.
Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BUSH, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also, communications may be addressed to the same persons,

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICE.

The Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Annual Meeting at New Garden, Columbiana County, commencing on the 17th of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Arrangements are being made for the attendance of prominent advocates of the oppressed, not only of our own, but other States; the result of which, with other particulars, will be made known previous to the meeting.

From the increasing interest in this State, we anticipate a GENERAL RALLY. We also invite our friends of Western Pennsylvania, and Eastern Indiana to be with us on that occasion, and aid in devising efficient plans of operation for the coming year.

By order of the Executive Committee of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society. LOT HOLMES, *Rec. Secretary.*

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field. Several others will soon enter. It is desirable so to arrange their labors in connection with other anti-slavery agencies, as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. Of these, the quarterly meetings of the county societies may be justly regarded as among the most efficient.

It is now proposed to the friends in the several counties, to hold their quarterly meetings in the following order, as nearly at regular intervals as may be, throughout the year, viz:

Worcester North,	Thursday	June	4
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	17
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	30
Bristol,	Wednesday,	July	15
Plymouth,	First of August celebration.		
Essex,	Thursday	August	13
Middlesex,	Wednesday,	"	26
Worcester North,	Tuesday,	Sept,	8
Worcester South,	Tuesday,	"	22
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	Oct.	6
Bristol,	Saturday,	"	17
Plymouth,	Thursday,	"	29
Essex,	Wednesday,	Nov.	11
Middlesex,	Tuesday,	"	24
Worcester North,	Saturday,	Dec.	5
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	16
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	29

The advantages to be derived from such an arrangement are, first, it would enable the General Agent, and one or more of the lecturing agents, to attend all the quarterly meetings in addition to their other labors, thereby giving additional interest as well as efficacy to those meetings. Second, it would break the monotony of a lecturer's life,—and by meeting so frequently with a large number of the tried and faithful friends of the cause, it would serve to cheer and encourage them in the performance of their arduous labors; and their travels, (should this proposal be acceded to,) will be so arranged as to enable them all to attend the county meetings. Third—It would produce greater harmony of action; and, consequently, a better understanding of the movements among the friends in different parts of the State.

The friends are requested to preserve this plan for future reference; and should anything occur to prevent any of the meetings taking place at the time indicated, such alterations can be made as circumstances may require.

Those to whom the Memorial to the Legislature was sent, asking for a dissolution of the Union, are requested to send them in without delay; as the attention of that body will soon be so closely engaged with money-making corporations, that it is to be feared they will have no time to bestow upon the great question of human rights.

Those who have in charge the taking of collections and subscriptions to the Agency Fund, are also requested to make returns soon, as the Board wish to know on what to rely; so that they need not employ more lecturers than they have the means of sustaining.

Yours, for Freedom,
LORING MOODY,
General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

Article	Price
ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1846.	5.00 a 5
Pearl	4.00 a 4
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	6 a 11
Sperm	26 a 28
Stearic do.	22 a 25
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.00 a 7.25
Newcastle	6.50 a 7.25
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50
Sidney and Picton	6.00 a 6.50
Anthracite, 6,000lbs.	5.00 a 5.00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	6½ a 11
Sumatra	7½ a 8
Porto Rico	8½ a 8½
Laguayra	6 a 6½
Cuba	5 a 7
Brazil	7 a 8
St. Domingo	5 a 7
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6½ a 6¾
Alabama	6½ a 9½
Florida	6½ a 8½
Upland	6 a 7½
Upland, fair	7½ a 8½
Upland, good and fair	8½ a 8½
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 8-4	8½ a 8
do. do. 7-8	6 a 7
do. bleached	7 a 6
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	7½ a 8½
do. do. 5-4	10½ a 12½
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 16
do. do. 5-4	18 a 18
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	8 a 14
Plaids	8 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	40 a 78
Checks 4-4	6 a 9
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	18 a 18
do. 14 a 16	18 a 20
do. 20 a 23	22 a 28
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	2½ a 3
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.50 a 1.80
Copperas	1½ a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	9 a 11
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 35
Madder, Dutch	15 a 18
Oil of Anis	1.45 a 1.50
castor, gall.	82½ a .67
Tartaric acid, lb.	40 a 42
Verdigris	17 a 20
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	18.00 a 25.00
Camwood	25.00 a 70.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00 a 31.50
do. Tampico	22.00 a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	25.00 a 29.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	28 a 32
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	3.00 a 3.06½
Dry scale	1.25 a 1.50
Pickled, bbl.	3.00 a 2.25
do. salmon,	12.50 a 18.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	. a 10.50
do. No. 2	9.00 a 8.50
do. No. 6	6.00 a 6.25
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	. a .
Buckp't. bbl.	. a .
Mass. do.	. a .
Herring, pickled	. a 2.25
do. scale, per box,	a .45
do. No. 1	a .
do. No. 2	a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	9 a 11
American	7½ a 8
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	4.50 a 4.56¼
Troy	4.— a 4.—
Michigan	4.37½ a 4.50
Ohio, round and flat	4.37½ a 4.50
Pennsylvania	4.50 a
Brandywine	4.50 a 4.87½
Georgetown	4.50 a 4.75
Baltimore c. mills	4.43¾ a 4.50
Richmond c. mills	6.00 a
do. country	4.62½ a 4.75
Alexandria	4.62½ a 4.75
Fredericksburg	4.62½ a 4.75
Petersburg	4.62½ a 4.75
Rye flour	3.00 a 3.12½
Indian meal	3.25 a 2.37½
do. per hhd.	15.75 a 16.00
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	.87½ a 1.10
do. Southern new	.85 a .9[illegible]
Rye northern	85 a .70
Corn north'n & Jersey	68 a .70
Southern (weight)	64 a .6[illegible]
Barley, N.R.	49 a .5[illegible]
Oats, northern	42 a .4[illegible]
do. southern	35 a .38
do. New-Jersey	
Beans, tce.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	205.00 a 210.0[illegible]
outshot	.00 a .0[illegible]
Manilla	133.00 a 142.0[illegible]
American, dew rot	80.00 a 97.5[illegible]
do. water rot	120.00 a 170.5[illegible]
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	12½ a 13
California	4 a 10
Orinoco	11 a 11½
Mexican	10½ a 11
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	6.00 a 9.00
Cow	1.00 a 2.0[illegible]

Article	Price
IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	38.00 a 40.00
do. American	34.00 a 36.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
do. Russia P,S,I,	102.50 a 110.00
do. do. N. Sable	95.00 a 97.50
do. Swedes	90.00 a 92.50
do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
do. do. refined	90.00 a 92.50
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	5.62 a .
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4½
Sheet	4½ a
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole,)	18 a 22
Hemlock, light	13 a 14
do. middle	13 a 14
do. heavy,	13 a 13
do. damaged	10 a 11½
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	35.00 a 40.00
do. east pine	11.00 a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10 a .19
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	33.00 a 35.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 18.25
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .27
do. Ga. yel. pine	30 a .35
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00 a 18.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	60.00 a 82.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a 42.50
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 48.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	29 a 31
Porto Rico	25 a 30
St. Croix	27 a 28
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscovado	25 a 27
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	20 a 21
Neuvitas	a 32
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4 a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 3 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 8	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	1.50 a 1.75
Pitch	1.00 a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	62 a 70
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50 a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	3.50 a 4.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	55 a 58
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	56 a 58
Linseed, American	60 a 62
Whale refined	30 a 36
Sperm, crude	85 a 90
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil,	60 a 65
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	6.50 a 7.00
do. prime	4.72 a 5.00
Pork, mess new.	10.75 a 10.87½
do. prime old	8.62½ a
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	6¾ a 7½
Butter, West dairy	11 a 14
do. Orange county	15 a 20
do. common	9 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	7 a 8
Hams smoked	5½ a 7
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.37½ a 3.75
Good to prime,	4.00 a 4.50
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	40 a 45
Bonaire	40 a 45
Curacoa	a
Ivica	
Cadiz	23 a
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	23 a 24
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a 20
do. do. sack	1.10 a 0.20
do. do. fine	1.22 a 1.30
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	2½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 9½
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 12
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxes	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5½ a 8
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	7½ a 8
New-Orleans	5½ a 7¾
Cuba, Muscovado	6 a 7
Porto Rico	6¾ a 8
Havana, white	8 a 10¾
do. brown	7 a 8½
Cuba, white	6½ a 8
do. brown	8½ a 8
Brazil, white	5 a 10
Manilla, brown	8 a
Loaf	11½ a
Crushed	11½ a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½ a 7
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	35 a .90
Gunpowder	35 a .90
Hyson	40 a .85
Young Hyson	35 a .85
Hyson skin	22 a 60
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 25
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15½ a 16
In plates ½ bx box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	.38 a 40
do. merino	[illegible]
Pulled, superfine	[illegible]
No. 1	[illegible]
No. 2	[illegible]

Poetry.

From the London News.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking?—comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

"Look forth again, oh, watcher on the tower—
The people wake, and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine,
For the full daylight that they know MUST shine."

"I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow."

"And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower?
Look forth again, it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest: many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply."

"I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn;
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again—again—oh, watcher on the tower—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong:
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tone."

"What doth he say, oh, watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time?"

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear, and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong—
When right shall rule supreme and vanquish wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower?
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the *plain?*"

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky:
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear:
The plain is yet in shade; but day is near."

From the Belfast Inquirer.

THE LATE MRS. FRY.

BY WM. M'COMB.

The following lines have never before appeared in print. The original copy, which is in our possession, was sent from a friend of the writer in England, to a gentleman in this place, at whose request the lines are published:

The felon's bewailing,
The Magdalen's sigh;
The tears of the widow,
The fatherless' cry,—
These are her epitaph,
Written above;—
Lasting memori ls—
Records of love.
Spirit of Howard,
Look down from on high,—
On the grave of thy sister,
Elizabeth Fry?
Wrapped in thy mantle,
She entered the cell,
A priestess of Heaven,
On the threshold of Hell,—
An angel of mercy
Wherever she went,
Calling, like Peter,
On men to repent.
Wearisome nights,
And wearisome days,
Mindful of duty—
Unmindful of praise—
In the gloom of the dungeon,
Upon the cold ground,
By the sick and the dying,
There was she found.
Oh! many a sight
She looked upon there,
Of sickness and death,
Of sorrow and care:
Like Aaron, she stood
'Twixt the living and dead,
A stranger to doubting—
A stranger to dread;—
A handmaid of Heaven,
By charity sent,—
Scattering blessings
Wherever she went.
The feelings of woman,
The courage of man,
Gave love and decision
To every plan.
Nations of Europe
Are shrouded in gloom;
All creeds and all classes
Weep over her tomb.

From the Bugle.

THE MAN-HUNTER.

BY T. WICKERSHAM.

Is there a being on earth more foul—
More worthy of extreme contempt and scorn,
Of moral sense and virtue more forlorn,
Than men who will, like hungry bloodhounds, prowl
Upon the trail of flying fugitives,
When e'er a Southerner the watchword gives?
Wont down with travel, watchfulness, and fear,
Avoiding day, and wandering by night,
Shall he, the slave, when freedom's land is near,
Be intercepted in his trembling flight
By *Northern men* who boast that they are *free*
And speak great words for Right and Liberty?
Shame that men guilty of this deed are found!
SHAME *that their feet pollute our Northern ground.*

Miscellany.

From the Boston Atlas.

Pen and Ink Sketches

OF POPULAR PERSONS AND PLACES.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.—[Second Series.]

Gossipping Sketches in a London Concert-Room—[*Concluded.*]—G. A. A'Becket—Alfred Crowquill—Mary Howitt—G. Hogarth—Douglas Jerrold—Eliza Cook.

As might naturally be expected, there are a great number of Americans in the Concert-room—and amongst them are two ladies, whose performances have, for the past month or five weeks, been the leading attractions in the theatrical world. I allude to the Misses Cushman—and here I may just refer to a new triumph which the elder of these ladies has achieved, in the character of Ion, in Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's tragedy of that name. The "Times" pronounced her personification of the hero to be the best which had appeared on the boards; and, after the performance, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd went behind the scenes, and complimented Miss Cushman, by saying that his tragedy had never been played so finely before. This was no mean praise—as it was in the character of Ion that Miss Ellen Tree, (now Mrs. Charles Kean,) won such laurels.

I have before alluded to Miss Cushman's acting in the part of Romeo—and I do so again, for the purpose of introducing an extract or two from a clever little *brochure*, edited by Gilbert A. A'Becket, respecting it. Mr. A'Becket says: "There can be no doubt that *the* play of the month has been *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Haymarket;" and then he gives a versified account of the performance, in this way:—

What a rush at the doors! What a very tight fit,
If all these good people get into the pit.
They can't! and already they hurry away
For the boxes—the extra two shillings to pay.
"But what's the attraction? Why thus do they rush, man?"
"Don't you know? 'Tis to Romeo, played by Miss Cushman."

After describing act the first, the rhymer proceeds:

Act the second a feud 'twixt two houses discloses,
Like that which might rage betwixt Dondney and Moses.*
What figure is that which appears on the scene?
'Tis Madam Macready—Miss Cushman, I mean.
What a wondrous resemblance—the walk on the toes,
The eloquent, short, intellectual nose—
The bend on the knee, the slight sneer on the lip,
The frown on the forehead, the hand on the hip;
In the chin, in the voice, 'tis the same to a tittle,
Miss Cushman is Madam Macready in little.
The lady before us might very well pass
For the gentleman, viewed the wrong end of the glass.
No fault with the striking resemblance we find,
'Tis not in the person alone, but the mind.

* * * * * * * * * *

A stir 'mid the audience makes us aware,
For Juliet's entrance we now must prepare.
Another Miss Cushman—Miss Susan, appears—
They greet her with very encouraging cheers;
Her hair is arranged like a boarding-school girl's,
In what are called corkscrews—those odd little curls.
She's pretty, and clever—exhibits much art
In her method of reading and acting her part;—&c.

* * * * * * * * * *

Now, as for the acting—though 'tis not complete—
It is, on the whole, a most exquisite treat.
Miss Cushman and sister, the Friar, the Nurse,
Have never been better, and often been worse
But here approbation, I fear, must be ended;
The less that is said, will the soonest be mended.

I wish I could transfer to the columns of the Atlas, the exceedingly clever caricature likeness of Miss Cushman, as Romeo, which illustrates the article. The reader would then perceive that Miss Cushman is, indeed, "Madam Macready in little."

Mr. Gilbert Abbot A'Becket, the author of the above *jeu d'esprit*, is present. He is a somewhat sombre-looking man, of about forty years of age; and no one, to glance at him, would take him for a wit. He is one, though, as his numerous writings in "Punch" testify—the best of them being a series of papers, under the head of "The Comic Blackstone." Should the reader ever visit London, and stroll down one of the narrow lanes of the Temple, be will, on one of the many dingy doors, see the name of A'Becket. It marks the locality where that gentleman pursues other and more grave occupations than light writing, for light readers. He is a lawyer, in good practice; and the witty productions of his facile pen are only the fruits of leisure hours. Apropos of literary pursuits, as combined with business habits, I may as well mention, in this place, that we have a notable instance, such being the case in the person and labors of Alfred Crowquill—such being the *soubriquet* of a celebrated caricaturist and humorous illustrator, and a light, vigorous, and graceful writer, both of prose and verse. Of the hundreds and thousands of persons who see "Alfred Crowquill" attached to some sketch, or essay, not one in a thousand are aware that his real name is Forrester—and fewer still, that he is a broker in the city, a business which one would suppose to be the least in the world congenial to a mind, whose characteristics partake so much of imagination and fancy. Yet, so it is; and Mr. Forrester earns a very handsome income, from both pursuits. Alfred Crowquill is a fine-looking fellow, with eyes that see everything; and seem to be looking *into* you, whilst looking *at* you. I met him, one day, coming out of How's shop—I mean How, the celebrated publisher of illustrated works. From a likeness of him, which had but recently appeared in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, I recognized him at once. On looking after him, to catch another glimpse, I saw him driving on, like a locomotive, through the crowds of Fleet street, on his way to Cornhill. But he was soon lost to view among the bustling throng; and I lost sight of him so suddenly, that I fancy an omnibus must have opened, and swallowed him up.

There is no lack of literary ladies in the room—one or two of them persons of European and American reputation—personages, who, if we may judge from the extensive circulation of their works, are established favorites on both sides of the water. And here it may not be amiss, as this professes to be a gossipping sketch, to say a word or two about our female writers; for the most remarkable feature of our contemporary literature is the extraordinary number of gifted and intellectual females, whose contributions to our historical and imaginative literature far exceed in number, as they exceed in learning and genius, that of any previous age. Some critics have deemed the pursuit of literature by females incompatible with their domestic duties. Let them deem it; it is an error they will outgrow; the intellect of woman is the guard of her honor—education is her best dowry—the works of genius her best defence! First, we have Joanna Baillie, whose "Plays on the Passions" are among the loftiest efforts of the female mind. Next, Miss Mitford, a writer, whose genius has been universally appreciated. Full of nature, truth, and tenderness, her village stories will live as long as the language in which they are written. Then we have Mrs. Gore—the witty, sententious, caustic, and highly-gifted novelist. Next, Mrs. Southey, formerly Caroline Bowles, who has been called the Cowper of the female poets. Then we have the brilliant, clever, and amusing Lady Morgan—the powerful and characteristic Mrs. S. C. Hall, full of quick perception, accuracy of delineation, and moral tenderness. But the list grows too long and dazzling. I can only allow myself space to enumerate the names of those whose productions shed lustre upon our literary world; but the names alone will, like a talisman, unlock the treasures of genius, and make them visible to memory. They are Miss Edgeworth, Miss Porter, Miss Ferries, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Grant, Miss Austin, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Strickland, Miss Roscoe, Miss Pardoe Mrs. Shelley. Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Lady Wortley, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Miss Roberts, Miss Eliza Cook, Miss Toulmin, Miss Costello, Mrs. Stone, and others—and last, not least, Mrs. Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and, (still retaining her maiden name, which is most familiar and dear to all lovers of literature,) Miss Landon. From this noble list of illustrious females, we have innumerable works, displaying great power of thought, eloquent facility, critical perception, pathos intensely feminine, spiritual and intellectual expression, harmonized by the most finished and delicate taste, and a sublimity that owes its birth and foundation to the all-sacred fount of religion; for women study the book of nature by the light of the Bible; they read the works of God by the light of God's word! the spirit by which all their poetry, and by which all true poetry is now pervaded and imbued, is the spirit of Christianity.

Due honor has been done to lady-writers, by a newly-heard-of poet, who is just now budding on this side of the water; and whilst I am speaking of the fair *litterateurs* of the day, I may as well quote some lines which the young man lately recited at Jedburgh, on the anniversary of Burns's birthday. His name is James Scott, an apprentice smith, in the neighboring village of Lanton. On the occasion of the festival, Scott made an excellent appearance. The interest excited by his address of the year before, had made him to be looked forward to with much interest. I will not take up the limited space allotted, by other than one passage from his poem, and I presume that it will not be the less acceptable to the reader, in that it contains some allusions to American writers. This is as it should be. Following out his proposed plan of not alone eulogizing Burns, but of "sacrificing to other nobler names," he unfolds a series of portraits of the illustrious men of ancient and modern times, and applies, with considerable power, the great moral which the lives of men of genius and moral heroism should teach to the generations who enjoy their rich bequeathments. We have the names of Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Scott, his own Teviot-dale Leyden, Wilson, Campbell, Thompson; and, in another category, those of Hampden, Algernon Sydney, Wilberforce, Howard, Channing, Washington, Franklin, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, and others. But the circle of human genius does not comprehend the more lordly sex alone; and here we have a noble vindicator of the mind and rights of woman, sweet scented as the hay-fields which surround the author's rural home:

But there's another and large class to name,
Which, to pass by, would cast dishonoring shame
Upon our muse, while thus she fitful strays,
Did woman's merit not excite our praise.
Joan of Arc, or Saragossa's maid,
Or brave Grace Darling, justly might upbraid
Man's boasted courage upon danger's brink—
These show'd she'd power to *act*—can she not *think?*
Hath woman never ope'd the seals of thought,
Hath she ne'er in the loom of fancy wrought,
Hath she ne'er climbed the steep Parnassian hill,
Or at the stream of knowledge drank her fill?
Go ask the press—hear how its voice declares,
Though great man's works, they scarce can outmatch hers.
Who ne'er Felicia Hemans' pathos felt,
That down to tears the very soul can melt?
Go, and a Norton's touching page explore,
Learn wisdom from the vigorous Hannah More.
Go read the works, then feel the magic spell,
Of these initials—Oh, poor L. E. L.!
Go! Mary Howitt will thy soul inspire
With thrilling feeling and pure moral fire;
Go read the works, and feel the powerful glow
Of the bright-fancied Harriet Martineau;
Then read *Sigourney*, Taylor, Mitford's, Cook's,
And Lady Blessington, and Porter's books.
Do they not show warm hearts, and minds as strong
As to their often boasting lords belong?
Go, Spirit that o'er Hades' shades holds sway,
And drag Mahomet to the realms of day.
Bring him again upon life's active stage—
Open the volume of the present age,
And read its history and its features o'er—
Show him the works we've named, and countless more,
That load our shelves; then ask if woman now
Hath found the soul he would not *her* allow?
Or seems she not for higher ends designed
Than passion's plaything, or a source of kind?
Show him a Summerville—effect and cause
She well explains—unfolding nature's laws
In truth sublime, that on her reason beam'd,
Of which his age's Solons never dream'd—
Show him a Stael, and she'll prove to he
A wiser politician far than he;
A Reid, or Ellis, and they'll prove they know
Woman has rights, and can assert them too;
Take him to Lowell—many a factory girl,
'Mid its machinery's din and rattling whirl,
Will show a mind can burst through all its bars—
On wings of thought soar higher than the stars.
Convinced—give him his Koran and a pen,
To blotch and write some doctrines o'er again.
Altered—that man has not a soul alone;
Woman has one immortal as his own.
Then send him back with hintings to revise,
And ehe improve his sensual paradise.

Two of the female authors mentioned in the above lines, and also referred to in the foregoing extract, were present at this concert of the Hutchinsons—and the reader must blame them, if any blame does attach, for this digressional chit-chat about literary ladies. I take it that common politeness on the part of gentlemen, will prevent their complaining, and if the ladies themselves should imagine that I might have otherwise occupied my time and space, I can only plead an inveterate habit I have, of flying off at a tangent, from one topic to another.

Years ago, when I saw Mary Howitt, for the first time, she was an active, bright-eyed, bustling body, and therefore I was not a little surprised when a lady who sat three or four seats before me, and whose broadish back I could only see, was pointed out to me as the able and industrious translator of Frederika Bremer's novels. Nevertheless, Mary Howitt it was. She was in conversation with Miss Charlotte Cushman, and in one of the intervals between the parts of the concert, when I first caught a view of her full face, I must say that the change in it from what I remembered it to have been, did not altogether please me. It was less spiritual and refined, but at the same time more powerful in expression. German living, so far as flesh and blood, at least, seemed to have agreed marvellously well with the distinguished authoress. She still exhibits traces of prettiness, and above all, writes as beautifully as ever, as her lyrics and tales, contributed in vast profusion to the various periodicals of the day, sufficiently evince. Indeed, Mary Howitt's industry is amazing. She seems to have a perfect mastery over that flying dragon, Time—that some of us with less fluent pens are constantly maintaining a running fight with, and always losing. Both herself and her husband must be surprising economists of their hours.

There is a group of gentlemen surrounding the fireplace, and one of them is William Howitt himself—but as I have before described him, (see number 23 of the last series,) it is quite unnecessary for him to be made the subject of a second sketch.—Neither himself or his wife are attired in the distinctive garments of the Friends, to which society they still belong,—although it is generally stated, and believed in literary circles, that they have seceded from the Quakers, and are now Unitarians. I know, however, that such is not the case, for William Howitt told a friend of mine, a London publisher, not a fortnight ago, that he was still, one of the Society of Friends. These eminent and delightful writers are now residing at Brompton, having recently returned from Germany, where they spent several years, principally for the purpose of educating their children.

Yonder elderly gentleman, who is rather inclined to be corpulent, and who sits with his chin buried in the folds of his neck-cloth, is Mr. George Hogarth, the author of a recently-published work on music. This book has been reprinted in the United States. Mr. Hogarth is considered to be one of the best musical critics of the day, and was, until lately, employed in that capacity, on the Morning Chronicle. On the starting of the Daily News he quitted the Chronicle, and attached himself to the former paper. Mrs. Charles Dickens is a daughter of Mr. Hogarth.

But, quitting the musical critic, let me direct the reader's attention to an individual, whose productions have very recently been scattered broadcast all over England and America, and the creations of whose fertile brain have afforded more fun, blended with real wisdom, than perhaps those of any other modern writer. The man I allude to is seated in about the centre of the room. Few know him—fewer still notice him,—whilst there is not a single individual amongst all that large assembly, who has not laughed heartily over his pages.

He is a little man, considerably under the middle size, with a slender frame, attenuated from evident ill health—and a head much too large in proportion for the shoulders on which it rests. Those shoulders are so bent, that the head is thrust forward from them, and if the *benevolence* could be taken out of the picture of Master Humphrey, in Dickens's clock story, the upper part of the figure, in one of the illustrations, would resemble somewhat the little man we are speaking about. The face is *not* benevolent—quite the contrary; the skin is pale, and wrinkled—the eyes sharp and peering, although he is very short-sighted; there is a sarcastic look about the mouth, and a restless fidgitiveness about the whole man, which does not please or win upon the beholder. But that harsh, splenetic, unamiable looking man, possesses prodigious talent in his way; for years and years, it was unappreciated, and now, in his bitterness, he shows his acrimony. His writings are full of biting sarcasms—and, under the plea of taking up the cause of the poor against the rich, he pours out the concentrated venom of his dislike upon the upper classes especially. Who is this somewhat singular personage? Why, no other than the author of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures—Douglas Jerrold.

The reader will perhaps remember my having, in a former letter, alluded to the attacks make by "Punch" on Mr. James Silk Buckingham, of the British and Foreign Institute—"*Destitute*," as the facetious journal wickedly called it. It was from the pen of Douglas Jerrold that these pointed allusions proceeded. And what was the provocation? It seems that Mr. Jerrold applied to be admitted as a member of the Institute; he was ballotted for and elected, but, neglecting to pay up his subscription, was erased from the list, as a defaulter. Mr. Buckingham, in his "appeal against the slanders of Punch," in the opinion of all unprejudiced persons, had the best of it; and it is said, and I believe it, that the journal has been materially injured by this mere ebullition of spite.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold was associated with Dickens in the management of the Daily News, but within a week of the time of my penning this (Feb. 2.) he has resigned all connection with the paper, and has been heard to say, boastingly, that he never wrote but one leading article for it. He now contributes a new series of papers to Punch, under the head of "Mrs. Bibb's Baby," which are inferior to everything he has hitherto produced. Like Dickens, he has overdone and overwritten himself. Indeed, with the exception of Charles Lever, the author of "Harry Lorrequer," all our "stock" novel-writers have shelved themselves. Maxwell is silent, Bulwer only amusing himself by penning a satire, Ainsworth is hashing himself up, Boz dragging out a mongrel existence, and even James resting himself. We want *something new*. At the present moment there is almost a clear stage for a new and vigorous writer. The time is come, but where is the man?

Douglas Jerrold was, I understand, proposed as a member of the Parthenon Club, but black-balled, avowedly on account of his hostile attacks on the British and Foreign Institute; and Dickens, who belonged to the Club, so far mixed himself up with the matter, as to resign in consequence. The Punch people constitute a regular clique—and here, did space allow, I might say much about "parties" and "sets" in the English literary circles. Talk of the liberality of feeling among authors, indeed! Why, there are more bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousies—more "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"—existing amongst those who, from their writings, one would suppose to be almost angels of light, and perfect patterns of propriety, than by those not behind the curtain could be deemed possible. Every writer has what he thinks to be his own particular walk, and wo to him who dares to venture within the boundary he has set up. Each has his own party to be-puff and be-praise him, and to abuse all who differ from them in opinion. The existence of this state of things sufficiently accounts for the failure of the Daily News, which, in the hands of several popular authors, was to perform such wonders. Why, four or five literary men, such as Dickens, Jerrold, Hogarth, and a few more, could no more "hang together" in such a project, than could darkness and light exist in unison. All experience has proved that their separate interests will clash; and bets were actually made, when the new paper started, that Dickens and Jerrold would not agree together for six months. They have not for six weeks; for first Jerrold, and then (it is now said) Dickens, have left the paper—just as rats leave a ship as soon as there is a prospect of its sinking.

Another authoress present remains to be noticed. She entered the Concert room with the two Miss Cushmans, to whom she is at present on a visit. Her appearance is somewhat—nay, very peculiar—and if seen from behind, her head so resembles that of a gentleman, in the disposition of her hair, that in a crowd, where her female habiliments were unseen, and only her head and neck visible, she would be assuredly taken for a smart young man. She has a fine, open, expressive face—clear blue eyes, with a *depth* in them, such as we do not often see—the nose is short, delicately shaped, and the mouth small, and thin-lipped—a double chin gives a rather heavy appearance to the lower part of the face, but this is little noticed, as the forehead, which has some singular bony ridges on it, and her oddly dressed hair, attracts one's chief attention. It is Miss Eliza Cook, well known as the author of innumerable small poems, and amongst them of the Old Arm Chair. In the portrait of Miss Cook, prefixed to the illustrated copy of her poems, which has circulated in America, she is represented in the engraving as wearing ringlets—her hair is not now so disposed, but combed upwards from the front of the forehead, and brought forward on the sides of the face, in small bunches—in short, as much like a gentleman's style as can be. The masculine appearance which this gives her is increased by her wearing a small turnover collar round her throat. When Miss Cook entered the room, all the ladies looked first at her head and then at her dress, and seemed to wonder to which sex she belonged. I confess it did not strike me as very becoming, but geniuses are sometimes queer mortals, and do things that commonplace creatures would never dream of. In the portrait of Miss Cook, prefixed to her second series of poems, just published—she is pourtrayed in this odd, mannish head-dress.

I met Miss Cook at a dinner party, which was given a few days ago by a London publisher, (she came with the Cushmans,) and I was much pleased with her frank, free, hearty manner. There was no affectation, and not a particle of what is commonly and expressively called humbug about her. She informed me that a new volume of her poetry was on the eve of appearing in America, and I understood her to say that it would be edited by Longfellow, of whose genius she spoke in the most enthusiastic terms. Of America and Americans she expressed her high admiration, and said that she longed to visit the land of Washington, but that it was not likely she ever should. Her age is, I should think, three or four and thirty, but the oddness of her dress makes her appear older. She was, at the dinner table, attired in a red plaid dress, with a deep sable collar round her neck, and a pair of large cuffs of the same fur round her wrists, and almost covering her fore-arm. I do not profess to be learned on such matters, but I almost say that such a toilette could only have been made by a "genius."

But the concert is drawing to a close. The "Bridge of Sighs" has been wonderfully well received; Judson Hutchinson has absolutely convulsed the audience by his comic Yankee songs, Miss Abby has enchanted them with the "May Queen," and the Family Song has, by its simple quaintness, won all hearts. In the course of the latter, the words (aptly introduced)

Though we love with fond devotion
Our dear land across the ocean,
Yet we feel a warm emotion
In the old father-land;
For we're all a band of brothers,
And we'll never go to war!

were received in a manner which must have convinced the most bellicose individual on your side of the water that peace was desired by John Bull. At the words, "We'll never go to war"—there was a perfect storm of "bravos" and cheers, which lasted for several minutes. Never was there a more decided triumph achieved by vocalists anywhere than by the Hutchinson family here. They have charmed by their simplicity—a rare thing in this world of London; and the whole press rings with their praises. That their purses will ring with something more substantial I hope and doubt not, before they return to their home among "the mountains of the old Granite State." So end my sketches in a Concert room.

* Dondney and Moses—the "Simmooses" of the London "Oak Halls."

From the Boston Courier.

HULL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COURIER.

HULL, May 25th, 1846.

SIR,—Yesterday morning our community was thrown into an unprecedented hurly-burly, by the arrival of six members of the New-York Committee of Safety, with a special communication for the City Council of Hull. An extraordinary session was immediately convened, which sat, of course, with closed doors. However, sundry public-spirited citizens contrived, by peeping through the key-hole, to find out what fish was frying. The short and the long of it is, that the New-Yorkers are dying to know whether there is "any safety in Hull,"—for which purpose they had a stupendous meeting, the other day, in the Park.

No sooner was this news announced on Hull 'change, than a mass-meeting, without distinction of party, was instantly called by acclamation. Captain Obadiah Codhook, Esq. took the tar-barrel, and was greeted with the most unbounded acclamations.—The gallant Captain explained the object of the meeting, which everybody knew as well as he did; however they like to have everything ship-shape in Hull.

Col. Sammons then proposed the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That Hull is safe.

"Resolved, That the unsafe New-Yorkers be invited to come here for safety.

Resolved, That all persons who choose, may proceed without delay, to revel in the halls of Montezuma."

Skipper Tarbox rose to the resolutions. He had no objections to the first. [*Cheers.*] *He* felt safe: his wife felt safe—that is—as safe as could be expected. He had no doubt the community at large in Hull felt safe. He knew many an individual not commonly regarded as a "safe customer," who now felt as safe as a thief in a mill, or a wildcat among the Mustangs. Therefore, he looked upon it as a safe position to assert, that "Hull is safe." [*Immense cheering.*] As to revelling in the halls of Montezuma, it was another question. He had no objection to a little bit of a jollification now and then, when there was elbow-room. But, before starting on the "revel," he wished to ask, for information, of any gentleman present who could inform him, as to the exact size of "Montezuma Hall."

Corporal Scrodd stated, in reply, that he understood it to be just about the size of the "bed of honor."

Skipper T. then clapped his thumb to the side of his nose for the purpose of driving away a musquetoe, and retorted by asking, "But how big is the bed of honor?"

There seemed to be a good deal of difficulty in answering this question, and several persons had recourse to a "piece of chalk."—At length, an individual from the crowd stated that he had been informed by a certain "recruiting officer, that the bed of honor was as big as the great bed of Ware, and would hold forty thousand men without crowding.

The Skipper requested to be informed whether in this same bed of honor the sleepers lay "spoon fashion."

Corporal S. replied, that he could not say, but guessed that they all got to be "spoon meat" before they woke up.

Capt. Salteel approved of the resolutions *in toto* and called upon the meeting to "tote 'em through" without shilly-shallying. But before taking up our march for the revel, he thought it highly necessary to appoint a grave-digger for the invading army.

The chairman asked whether the conquerors of Matamoros had not got one.

Several persons answered that such a functionary *had* existed, but that he had starved to death just after the late "tremendous victory," for lack of work.

Upon this announcement the meeting adjourned, *sine die*, and *nem con*, without letting off any rockets. Several houses in Hull, moreover, were *not* illuminated in the evening. Yours,

PEEPING TOM.

A TRUE STORY.

In the evening of the day Alice arrived at S——, a great experience meeting was to be held in one of the churches. Her friend who had become enthusiastic in the cause, urged her to go to this meeting, which Alice did, although with a feeling of reluctance. The house was crowded above and below. The preliminaries usually appertaining to such meetings having been arranged, a brief opening address was made by one of the ministers. A reformed man then related his experience with great effect. After he had finished there was a pause of nearly a minute. At length a man, who had been seated far back, with his face partly turned from the audience, arose slowly, and moved to the front of the stage.

A half-suppressed exclamation escaped Alice, as her eyes caught the well-known features of him who had been her husband, while a quick thrill ran through her. Then her frame trembled in accord with her fluttering heart. The face of Mr Delancy had greatly changed since she had last looked upon it. Its calm, dignified elevation had been restored but with what difference? What before was cheerful, was sad, very sad. "Mr. President," be began, in a broken voice, "although I had consented at your urgent solicitation, to address this large assembly to-night, yet I have felt so strong a reluctance to doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty I could drag myself forward. But I had passed my word, I could not violate it. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. Would to heaven that just ten years of my life were blotted out."

The speaker paused a moment, already much affected. Then resuming in a firmer voice, he said:

"But something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce.

"Pictures of real life touch the heart with power, while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then fade from the perception like figures in a diorama.

"Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar in a neighboring State—nay, more than that—he represented his county for three years in the Assembly of the Commonwealth. And more than that still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods."

At this announcement the stillness of death pervaded the crowded assembly.

"And yet more than all that," he continued, his voice sinking into a low, thrilling tone—"he once had a tenderly-loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors—all these blessings have departed from him," he continued, his voice growing louder and deeper in his efforts to control himself. "He was unworthy to retain them! His constituents threw him off because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And worse than all—she who had loved him devotedly—she who had borne him two dear babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I have become so changed in a few short years? What power was there to abuse me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart-stricken from me? Alas! my friends, it was a mad indulgence in mockery? A very demon—a Circe, changing the human into a bestial. But for this, I were now an honorable and useful representative in Congress, pursuing after my country's good, and blest in the house circle with wife and children. But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me, I sank rapidly.

"A state of perfect sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts; I therefore drank more freely, and was rarely, if ever, from under the bewildering effect of partial intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years, but never once saw her during that time—nor a glimpse of my children. At last I became so abandoned in my life, that my wife, urged on by her friends, no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could easily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next Congressional canvass, I was left off the ticket as unfit to represent the district. I left the county and State where I had lived from my boyhood up.

"Three years have elapsed since then. For two years of the period I abandoned myself to the fearful impulse of the habit I had acquired. Then I heard of this new movement—the great temperance cause. At first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was sweeping onward, in the hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger, and I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have deemed. It set me once more upon my feet—once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I had lost—but not all—not the richest treasure that I proved myself unworthy to retain; not my wife and children. Ah! between myself and these the law has laid its stern impassable interdiction. I have no longer a wife, no longer children, though my heart goes out towards these dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fireside circle; I see ever before me the once placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twine about my neck; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ear."

Here the speaker's emotions overcame him. His utterance became choked, and he stood silent, with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-stifled sobs. At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by Delancy until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and lifting his eyes they instantly fell on Alice—for it was she that was pressing onward—he bent forward towards her with sudden uplifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue until she had gained the stand and advanced quietly to his side. For a moment the two stood thus, the whole audience, thrilled with the scene, were upon their feet, and bending forward. Then Delancy opened his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick, wild gesture.

Thus for the space of a minute they stood—every one fully, by a singular intuition, understanding the scene. One of the ministers then came forward and gently separated them.

"No, no," said Delancy, "you must not, you must not take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should do that!" replied the minister. "By your own confession, she is not your wife."

"No, she is not," returned Delancy, mournfully.

"But she is ready to renew her vows again," Alice said, smiling through her tears that now rained over her face.

Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, was said in a broken voice, the marriage ceremony that gave Delancy and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man, with thin white locks, finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two he had joined in holy bonds and lifting up his aged eyes, that streamed with drops of gladness, he said, in a solemn voice,

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

"Amen!" was cried by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

SLAVERY IN CHINA.

From a private letter, dated Canton, Jan. 1846.

Of all the men on the face of the globe, among whom I have sojourned among several nations in my life, I have never seen any equal to the Chinese in their love of money. It is said this people have many idols, and so they have; but they are all worshipped as a means to an end; and their worship appears to be narrowed down to that one great ultimate end—*riches* and the *enjoyment* of riches. Every city, and every street, nay, every house, of every street, as far as I have seen, has a niche on the side toward the street, dedicated to the god who brings riches. And impious would that man be esteemed, who neglected to light a taper and burn three incense sticks every evening before that all-adored idol. Even now do my ears ring with the exclamation of horror which burst from my landlord, some few nights ago, when, on taking possession of the premises, his incense pot was thrown into the street. That landlord now, of his own accord, comes almost every evening to my study, to join in reading the Bible, and uniting in prayer to the true God with the disciples.

The prominent position which the subject of Slavery is occupying in the mind of Christians at home, led me to inquire into its existence in this great provincial city—Canton. It seems that among the one million of inhabitants, which it is said this city contains, there are estimated to be about one hundred thousand slaves, all of which are females; that is to say, the number of male bondmen is not computed to be beyond one hundred. The reason of this disparity of numbers, is the following: The *male* slaves in China are chiefly employed in agricultural pursuits, and therefore are not found in cities; whereas the *female* slaves are chiefly employed in swelling the harems of the rich. It is not *legal* in China to have more than one wife, though it is legal to have as many concubines as one can maintain. The former invariably *maintains* her superiority over the other inmates of the inner appartments, not deeming that her rights and privileges are at all invaded by the number of the females who look to her husband for support. The number and beauty of these slaves are limited only by the ability of the owner to support them. I was in a house the other day, the owner of which has from twelve to fourteen female slaves, besides his wife. Some of them are very pretty, and one of them cost her owner five thousand dollars. The general average price of a slave, whether male or female, is from two hundred to five hundred dollars each. When old, and unable to work, these slaves are made either to act as door keepers to the houses of the rich; or, like worn-out horses in the streets of New-York, they are turned out of doors to beg and die. And, as in one case, so in the other, the former owners are not regarded as deserving censure or notice for such abandonment.

The supply of slaves to meet the demand is, generally speaking, from such sources as the following: A debtor, hard pushed by his creditor, will sometimes *sell* his wife, or children, or even himself, (having no family,) into slavery, to pay his debts. Orphan children left destitute are often sold into slavery merely to procure their support. Parents or guardians will often sell those under their care, either to get rid of the charge, or to make a little money. There came a very decent woman to my house not long since, very anxious to sell me (what she said was) her own grandchild (two years old) for the sum of six or eight dollars. Very large numbers of slaves are those who in infancy, or too young to remember, were kidnapped from their friends. For many make it a business to procure *young* children, and maintain them till adult age, either to sell, or make them minister to the carnal appetites of the people.

Chinese slaves are not to be distinguished in color of the skin, in dress, or in any other particular, from freemen; except that when quite young, female slaves generally have their braid of hair wound with a string some six or eight inches from the head, while free girls have the braid tied close to the head. The former, too, generally have large feet, while the latter, except the boat women and the very lowest order of respectable women, have the feet cramped in infancy.

Female infanticide in China, about which I have read so much in American papers, or in books on China, very rarely if ever occurs in Canton. Not only have I never seen a case myself, but I have not seen an intelligent Chinaman who tells me from his *own* personal knowledge of a case of the kind. Indeed, I suppose infanticide at Canton does not now exist; not because the people are any better than they formerly were,—but simply because it is not in the nature of a Chinaman to throw away anything which can be turned into money, and they all know that a child, male or female, will bring from ten to thirty dollars, according to its health and beauty.

I have often thought, in connection with this subject, what miserable lives those persons would lead, who should come as missionaries to this country, resolved that they would neither touch, taste, nor handle, anything that was the product of Slavery. Not only does a very *great* portion of the tea and silks exported to the United States come from the bands of slaves, but in like manner that consumed here, as well as perhaps four-fifths of the food offered for sale, passes through the hands of those who are slaves, in the very strongest sense of the term. For, be it understood, that the children to the farthest generations, of a slave, are likewise slaves, until they are bought, or liberated, from their despotic masters.

HOW THEIR NAMES ARE PRONOUNCED.—The names of Generals Arista, Ampudia, Mejia, and Canales, Colonels Carasco and Carabajal, are pronounced by Spaniards as nearly as possible as follows: A-rees-ta Am-poo-dia, Ma-hee-a, Ca-na-les, Ca-ras-co, Ca-ra-va-hal,—the vowel *a*, in each instance, having the sound of that letter in the English word *far*. The *j* becomes *h*, the *b*, *v*.

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